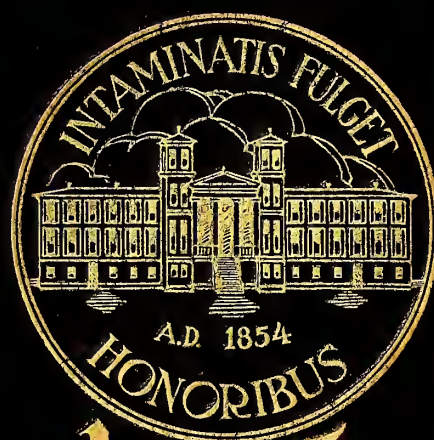


The Bohemian



1915

The Sandor Teszler Library

WOFFORD COLLEGE
429 N. CHURCH STREET
SPARTANBURG, SC 29303-3663

May 28, 1997

Mr. Paul Whitaker
409 Dickinson St.
Bamberg, SC 29003

Dear Mr. Whitaker:

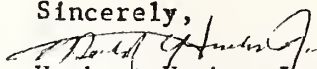
Thank you for the copy of the 1915 Bohemian Yearbook of Wofford College. Although we have several copies, it is good to have one that goes back to 1915.

I enjoyed talking with you Monday afternoon.

The postal card of March 22, 1914, from your father to his sister, Mrs. S. W. Whitaker, Orangeburg, with the picture of the Wofford College Glee Club, Season 1914, is a welcome addition to the Archives, also.

Thanks again for your gift.

Sincerely,


Herbert Hucks, Jr.

Archivist: Wofford College

Presented May 28, 1997, by
Paul Whitaker, Jr., 1950g,
409 Dickinson, St., Bamberg,
SC 29003. His father was
graduated in 1915 at Wofford

The
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WOFFORD COLLEGE
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1915

THE BOHEMIAN

VOLUME VIII

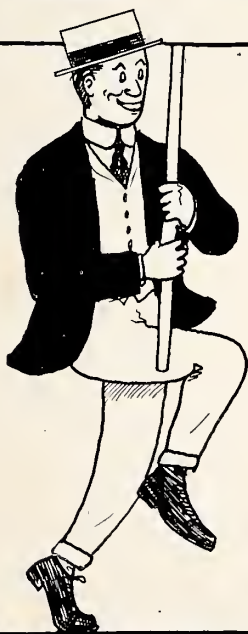


PUBLISHED BY THE
STUDENT-BODY OF WOFFORD COLLEGE
SPARTANBURG, S. C.



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GREETINGS



CLINK-15-

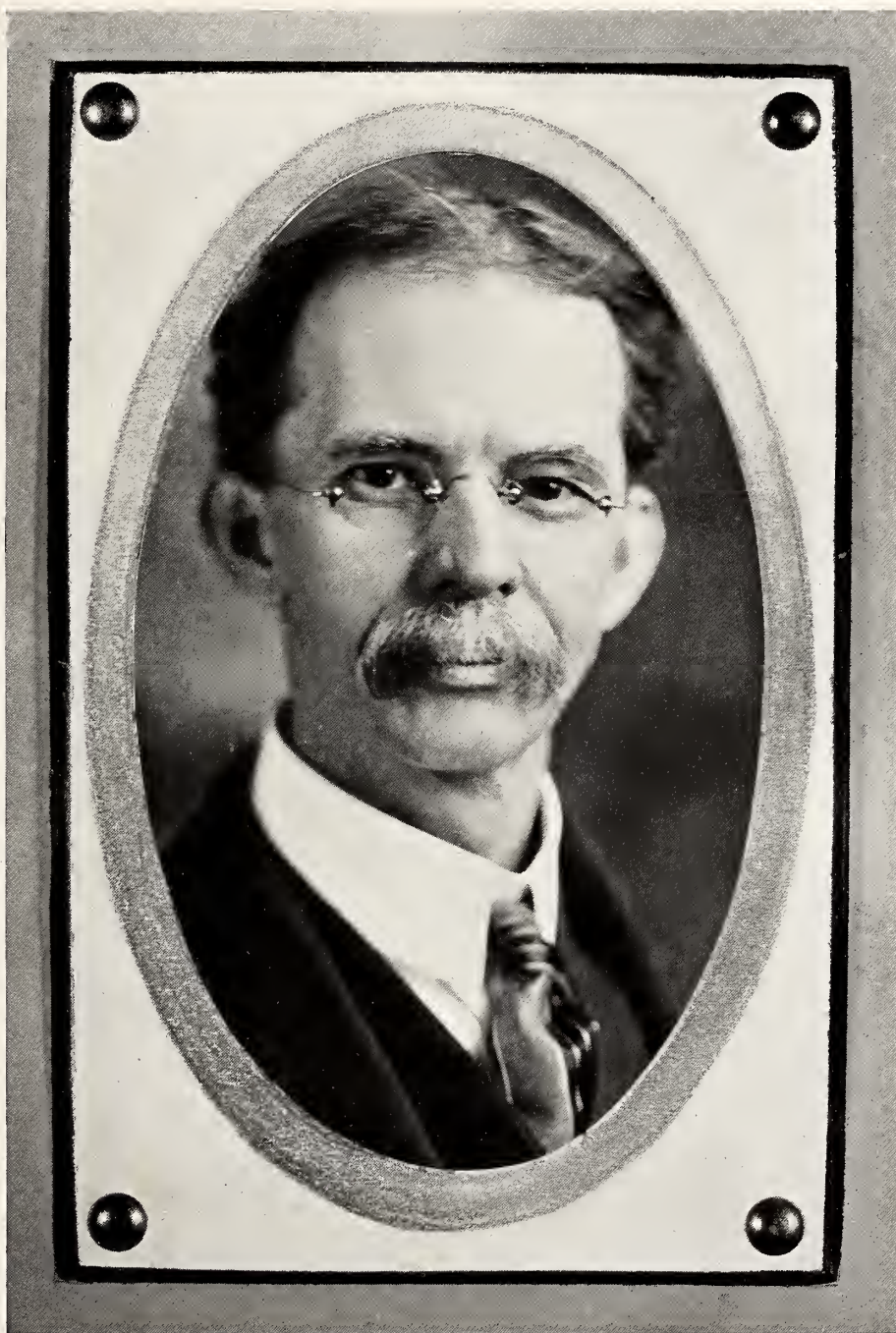


"THE BOHEMIAN"

MISS HERNDON
SPONSOR

To Arthur Gaillard Rembert

whose sterling qualities as an instructor
whose strong, devoted character as a friend and sympathizer
and whose chivalrous nature as a Carolina gentleman,
blended with and ennobled by
a clear, calm serenity and a gentle seriousness,
have been devoted for many years
in true service to
Wofford and her interests;
we,
who have gained immeasurably and been greatly enriched
by his close and cordial fellowship,
do hereby,
with heartfelt love and reverence,
dedicate this volume.



ARTHUR GAILLARD REMBERT

Foreword



OUR efforts have not all been dreamed
On fragrant beds of flowers,
But we have fought to reach this goal
Through long mysterious hours.

Life's youthful dream, that phantom star,
We've sought that pearl for four long years.
We now stand saddened at the door,
Filled with hopes and manhood's fears.

Our humble effort we present
With hopes that you may look
Into our hearts and minds, and read
Them as you read this book.

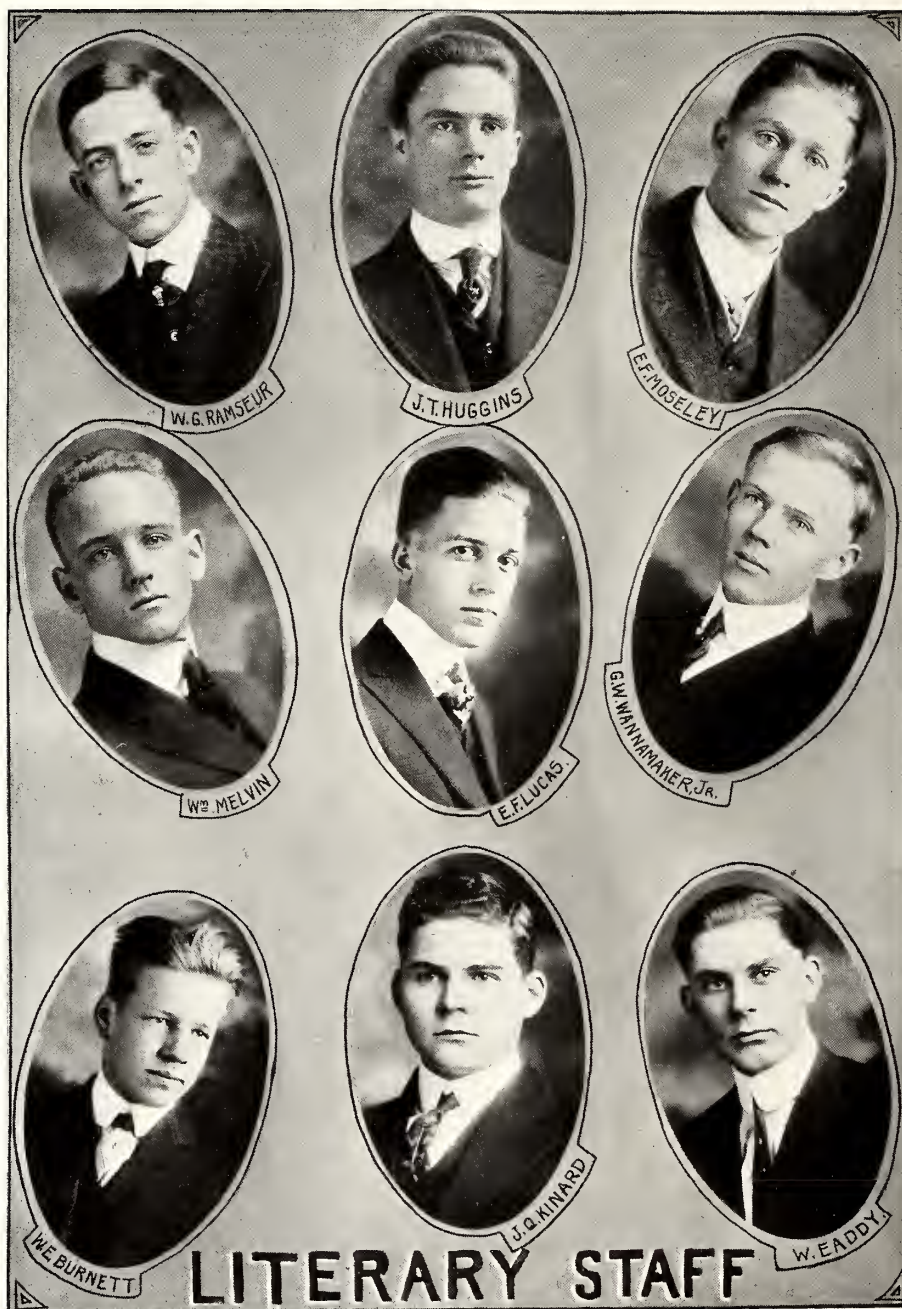
We're sure you'll find the lofty hopes,
And dreams for time's swift joys and thought
Depicted here in friendship's walls
That many happy hours have brought.

So gentle reader, here we give
The best that we know how to do.
We have enjoyed each page herein,
And truly wish the same to you.

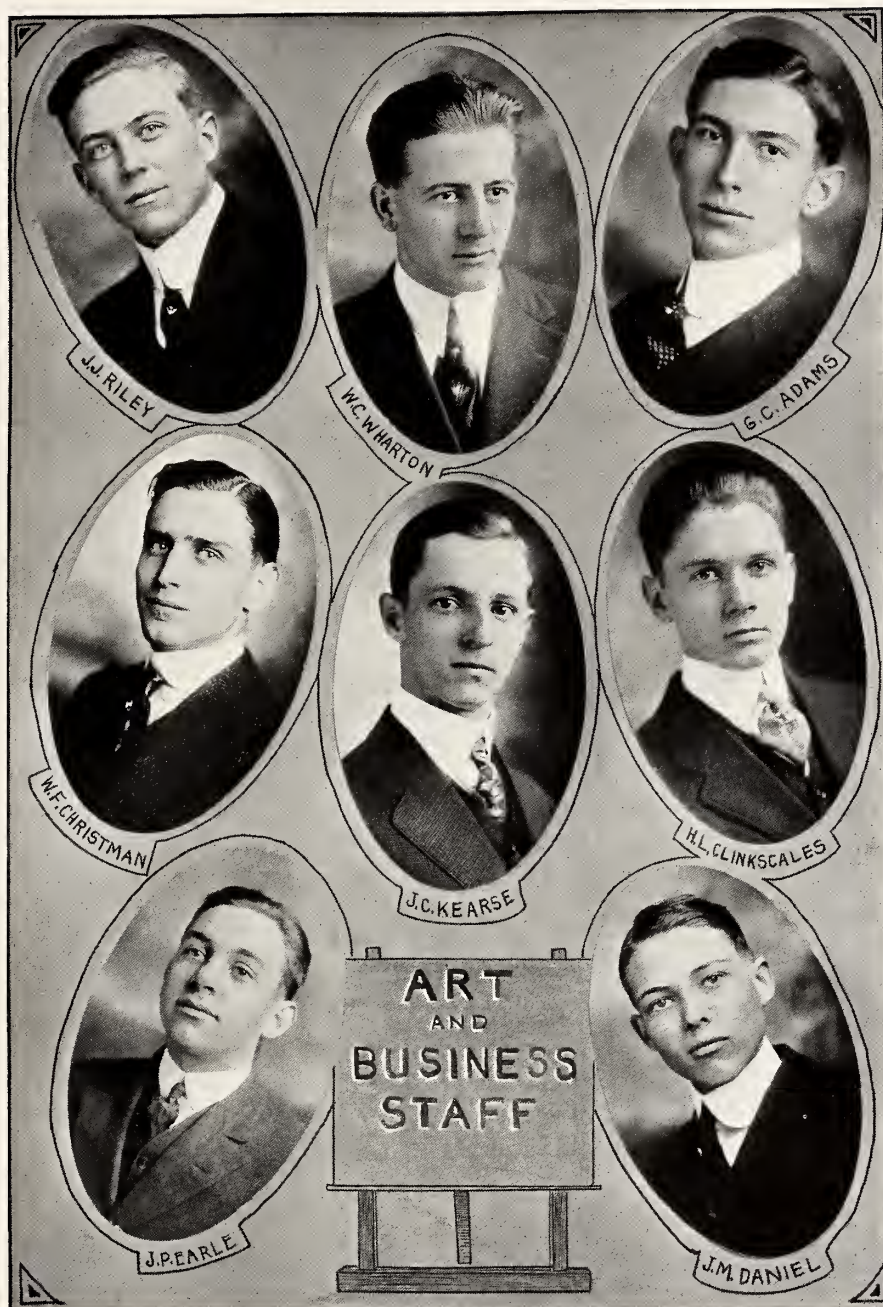


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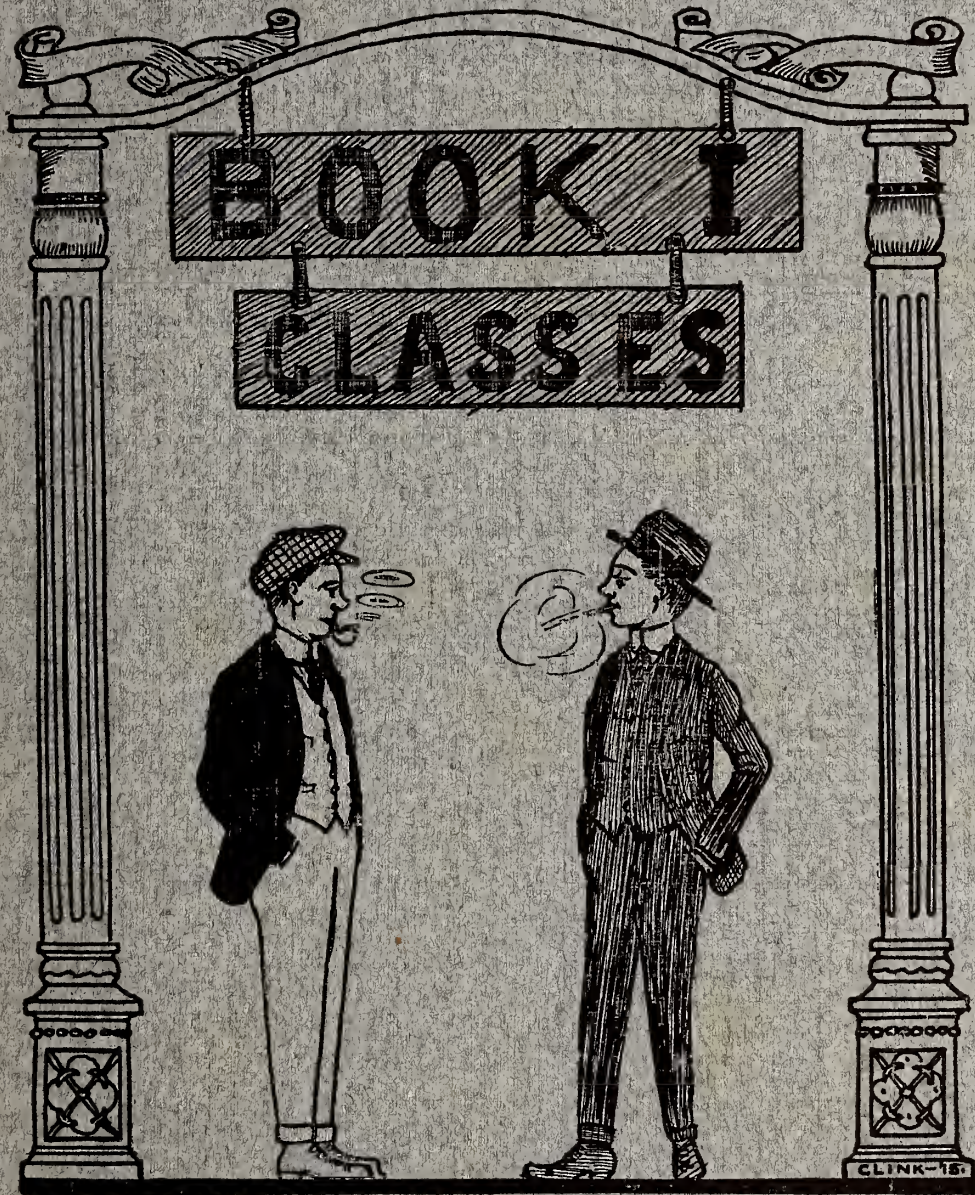
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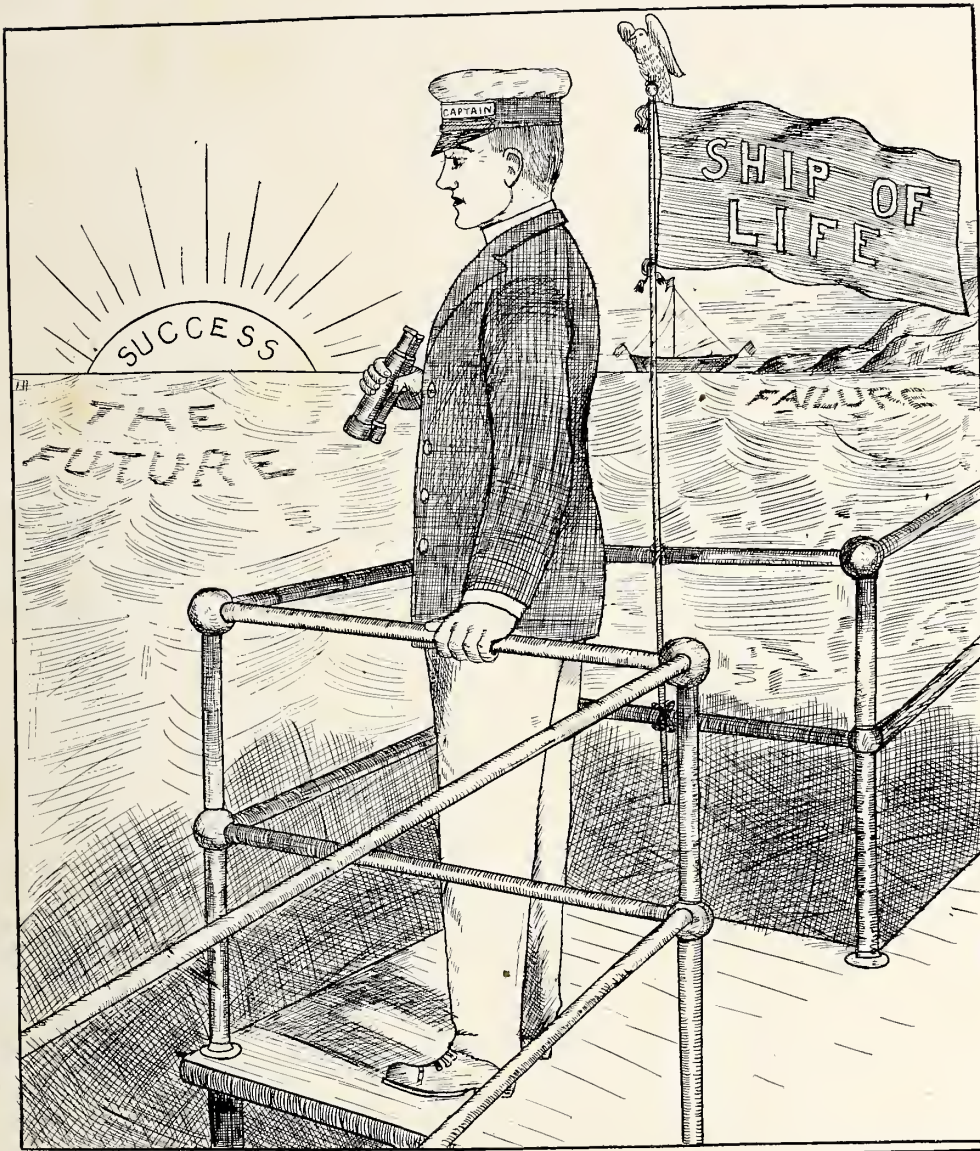
FACULTY



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Seniors.



SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS



MISS HERBERT
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Senior Class




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CAMPUS SCENES



Class Poem

BY
JOHN D. STUART

COULD I but have the vision of the seer,
And then could sing the melodies of cheer,
Then I would sing of happy future years,
And hide the sorrows of our parting tears.

For though we shall awake another day,
When we are then surrounded by life's fray,
Far from this College we may then be gone,
With our affections 'round her gently drawn.

Then we shall our reflections calmly cast
Upon the dreams which are forever past,
And wonder how some boy his honors won,
And why, perhaps, our task was left undone.

The rising tide of fate may drift us far,
And every tossing wave may leave its scar
As each man labors through the coming strife,
Then bending 'neath the cares of mortal life.

But in this life we have a work to do,
If we will only to our Class be true:
So then, may not one of us turn his back
Upon the Gold which floats beside the Black.

In this wide world there are both weak and strong,
So may we shield the right and right the wrong,
And gently calm life's raging tempest vile,
As did the noble Doctor James Carlisle.

Patient! Patient! O Thou who rulest Time,
Men lean always upon thy love sublime,
Bear then with us who enter life today
And lead us high into the perfect way.

May each man make this feeble, mortal fight
In honor of his country, God, and right.
And may the final breath each comrade draws
Be followed by Heaven's welcome applause.

—J. D. STUART, *Class Poet*



EDWARD HYDRICK BLACKMON, A. B.
ORANGEBURG, S. C.

"Rather first in an Albion village, than second in Rome"

We have our old friend BROADUS, better known as DUTCH, noted for football ability, massive eating, and a time specialist. He can always be found at Converse, where all the "ditties" fall his way. His redeeming feature is dancing, and nothing exceeds his feet in daintiness. When anything happens among the fairer sex, and DUTCH is not present, it is because of missing a ride. By way of emphasis, we might say that DUTCH's mastery lies among the modern languages.

ERNEST CLEVELAND BOMAR, A.B., A.M.
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

"How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?"

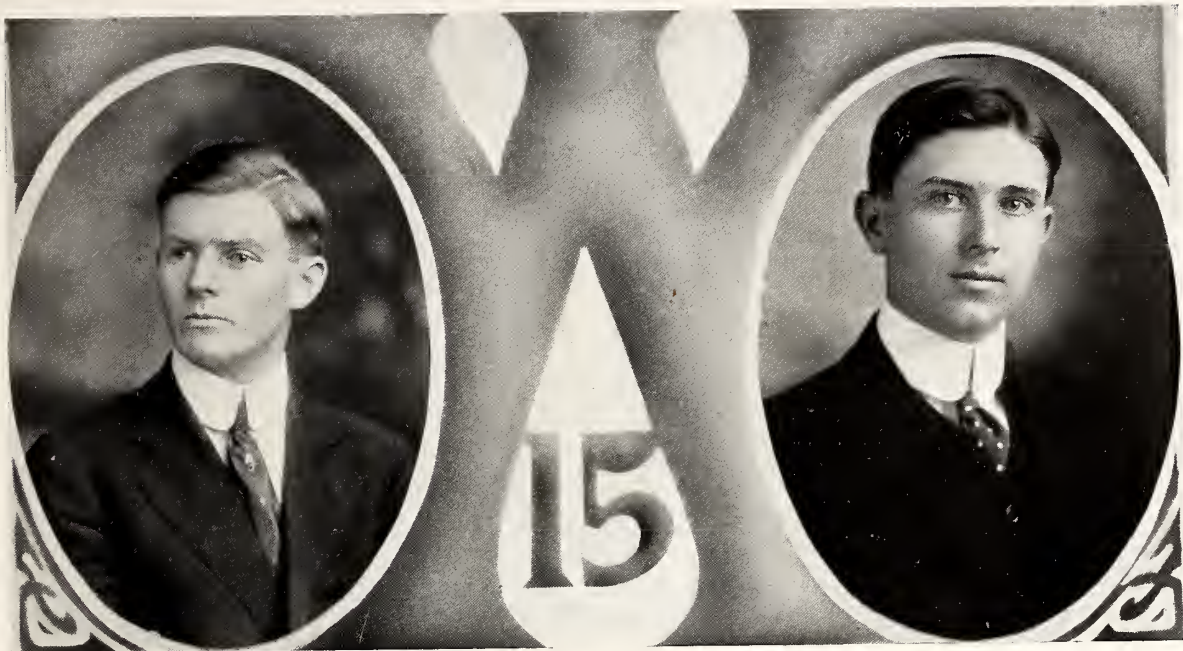
What was that noise in the laboratory? It was only one of MARY's several explosions, in his attempt to broaden the chemical field. We also see that he is fond of anything that has wheels on it, especially automobiles (when out of fix). MARY is one of the best students in the Class, and he easily worked an A. M. in his course. He has a weakness for the fairer sex, and although he says he has not narrowed down to one we fear this to be a mistake.



Monthly Orator, Third Censor, Second Critic, Preston Literary Society; Member Intercollegiate Debate Council; Member Executive Committee Carlisle Hall Self-Government Organization; Vice-President Revelers Club; Class Football '12-'13, '13-'14, '14-'15, and Varsity Scrub '14-'15.



Recording Secretary, Second Critic, First Critic, Second Censor, Inter-Society Debater, Junior Debater, Vice-President, Calhoun Literary Society; Class Historian '14-'15; Senior Speaker.



BENNY BADGER BROADWAY, A. B.
SUMMERTON, S. C.

"What a piece of work is man!"

Yes, this is BEN, the musician of the Class of '15. We captured him in the swamps of Clarendon, in the Fall of 1911; and by hard struggling transplanted him in the "City of Success." BEN has been with us four years, and during that time he has been a shining light in our intellectual and social circles. BEN is easily distinguished in any crowd by the sporty angle at which he wears his "skypiece." BEN says there is no place like Spartanburg, and he is partial to the scenery of West Henry Street.

WILLIAM JAMES BROWN, A. B.
LEO, S. C.

"Ah, let me close my eyes and dream sweet, fanciful, fragrant dreams of love."

LITTLE WILLIE is really one of the most interesting characters on the campus. He is the authority for the campus on Lander, being a frequent visitor, and a happy recipient of tri-weekly epistles from there. WILLIE's greatest ambition has always been to make catcher on the baseball team. They say he was a star "in his own home town." We don't know what WILLIE will do, but we predict a success for him, for he is "all wool, true blue, and a yard wide."



Member Carlisle Literary Society.



Entered 1912-'13; President Y. M. C. A. '14-'15; President, First Critic, Second Critic, Second Censor, Third Censor, Senior Orator, Carlisle Literary Society; Member Honor System Committee two terms; Class Basket-Ball '14-'15; Class Football '14-'15; Treasurer Class '14-'15; Delegate to Quadrennial Student Volunteer Convention, Kansas City, Mo. '13-'14.



WILLIAM FERDINAND CHRISTMAN, A.B., A.M.
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

"Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep"

BILL is one of those who don't believe in sticking to the beaten path when he sees a thing he wants lying beyond it. Last year, after due deliberation, he decided that he would like to affix A. M. to his name at the end of his Senior year. As this had never been done in four years at Wofford, the Faculty demurred. In the end, however, BILL had the Faculty and the A.M. coming his way. The only menace to his future career is a case of heart disease that he contracted some time ago.

HARVEY LEONARD CLINKSCALES, A. B.
GREENWOOD, S. C.

"Art is long, and time is fleeting"

Behold! The "Bud Fisher" of our Class. CLINK has made our *Journal* and *Annual* famous by his drawings. His cartoons have also appeared in the Greenwood papers, and in the State's *Aftermath*. CLINK stands well in his classes, and we predict for him a brilliant future.



Recording Secretary, Second Censor, Second Critic, Third Critic two terms, Senior Weekly Orator, Calhoun Literary Society; Secretary and Treasurer Class '12-'13;

Assistant Business Manager '13-'14 and Staff Artist '14-'15 *Wofford College Journal*; Art Editor *BOHEMIAN* '14-'15, and Assistant Art Editor '13-'14; Contributor to *BOHEMIAN*; Member first term, Vice-President second term Carlisle Hall Student Government '13-'14; Treasurer '12-'13 and President '13-'14 Greenwood County Club; Varsity Track Team '13-'14; Assistant Manager Varsity Football Team '14-'15; Manager Tennis Team '14-'15; Member Athletic Advisory Board '14-'15.



First Critic Preston Literary Society; Advertising Manager *BOHEMIAN* '14-'15.





ALLAN MARSHALL COX, A. B.
DOTHAN, N. C.

JESSE CLARK CUNNINGHAM, A. B.
LINDSAY, CALIF.

"Did he love one face from out the thousands?"

MOX came from the sticks of the Tarheel State, as he could not resist the alluring charms of our South Carolina girls. He is a man of wonderful dilating powers, giving the Anaconda a close run for first place. His motto is "Never late until twelve; after twelve, it is early." Now we can understand why MOX always comes in early. For him, silence is golden, and his thoughts, like still water, run deep. Although he lacks some oratorical qualities, the creative power is there. If you want to find out how well he talks, ask "Her." He possesses at least one superior quality that we all know—he is not "two-faced."



Sophomore Orator, Senior Orator, Second Critic, Carlisle Literary Society; Student Body Honor System Committee '14-'15; Class Football '14-'15; Class Baseball '14-'15.



"He was the mildest mannered man that ever scuttled ship or cut a throat"

CALI. JACK is a worthy representative of that long, lean, and lanky State at the western extremity of our country, noted for its population of Greasers and Chinks. To see him with his wide sombrero, holding his audiences upon the campus spellbound with his bloodcurdling tales of Western atrocities, one is reminded of the Ancient Mariner. But, although lean and lanky, CALI. JACK does not possess the other attribute that goes with these qualities, for he is not lazy; we'll have to hand it to him for work. He entered with back work, one year after his Class, and in three years made up the back work and covered the four-year course. We hope to send him back to his State, a product of which it will be proud.



Member Preston Literary Society.



HUBERT NOLAND DUKES, A. B.
SANDERSVILLE, GA.

ERNEST GARY EDWARDS, A. B.
MULLINS, S. C.

"From a little spark may burst a mighty flame"

Among the interesting curios of our Class is MIDGET. He preaches that Georgia is the Empire State of the South. We often wonder why MIDGET has such radical views of the commonwealth. It surely cannot be explained any other way than through the syrup pitcher. Aside from Georgia cane syrup, he delights in oratory. MIDGET claims to have a connection with a long line of English dukes, but evidently means DUKE's Mixture. After all has been said, MIDGET stands well with his fellows and the Faculty. Look out for him.

*"Mary, thou hadst metamorphosed me,
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time"*

Considering the fact GARY hails from Mullins, he does very well. He spends his time across town, at Converse, and is known as the "*Saturday Evening Post*." GARY is liked by all, both male and female, and never allows love to interfere with his studies. It may be truly said of him: Rain or shine, sleet or snow, up to Converse I must go.



Vice-President Y. M. C. A.; President, First Critic, Second Censor, Corresponding Secretary, Inter-Society Debater, Carlisle Society; Circulating Manager *The Old Gold and Black*; Winner of Medal Sophomore Exhibition; Oratorical Speaker '13-'14, '14-'15; Senior Speaker; Inter-Collegiate Debater '14-'15; Class Football '14-'15; Class Baseball; Inter-Society Committee; Secretary Student - Body Honor System.



College Marshal, Corresponding Secretary, Third Censor, Recording Secretary, Second Censor, Second Critic, Vice-President, Carlisle Literary Society; Vice-President Marion-Dillon County Club; Business Manager *Journal*; Class Football '10-'11, '13-'14; Varsity Football '14-'15.



FRANK DANTZLER EVANS, A. B.
ELLOREE, S. C.

"Man dreams of fame, while woman wakes to love"

FRANK has developed into one of our greatest "ladies' men." His coal-black hair, dark brown eyes, and general appearance have been the means of captivating many a girl's heart. Notwithstanding the fact that he is taking a very heavy course this year, he always finds time to write his daily letters to Jefferson. But not only is FRANK popular with the girls, for by his pleasant smile and jovial good nature he has won a deep place in the hearts of all his classmates, and we predict for him a great future.

Sophomore Monthly Orator, Junior Weekly Orator, Third Censor, Second Censor, Recording Secretary, Second Critic (two terms), Preston Literary Society; College Marshal '13-'14; Member Y. M. C. A. Cabinet '13-'14; Class Baseball three years, Captain Class Baseball '13-'14; Class Basketball three years, Captain Class Basketball '13-'14; Member Carlisle Hall Executive Committee; President Orangeburg County Club; President Chi Phi Cottage Club; Chief Engineers' Club.

JACOB RYAN FREY, A. B.
FAIR FOREST, S. C.

"He lards the lean earth where he walks along"

OLD JAKE FREY is a merry old soul, and a merry old soul is he; he called for his bat, and he called for his ball, and he pitched for the "Varsitee."

JAKE is the Falstaff of the twentieth century; except for the fact that his valorous exploits are recorded in the *Saturday Evening Blade* and *Chicago Ledger*, and not in the Royal Chronicles. With apologies to Shakespeare, "Fat paunches have fat pates." Who knows JAKE's avoirdupois?



Varsity Baseball Four Years, Captain '14-'15, Class Baseball Three Years, Captain '12-'13, Manager Two Years; Varsity Basketball Two Years, Class Basketball Three Years; Varsity Football '14-'15; Member Athletic Advisory Board '14-'15; First Critic Preston Society; President Spartanburg County Club; Member College Council; Exchange Editor *Journal*.



HILLIARD GALBRAITH HAYNES, A. B.
WILKINSVILLE, S. C.

"There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple"

Here we actually meet a calm and peaceful GALE. The one member of our Class who appears to be perfectly contented with what life has placed before him, though his record at once shows that he is not a man in stature only. Wilkinsville, S. C., is his home, a place as yet unknown to most of us, but we expect GALE to give it a prominent place on the map in the near future.

ALEXANDER SALLEY HERBERT, A. B.
ORANGEBURG, S. C.

"None but himself can be his parallel"

Between the marvelous pompadour and the cortex of this curiosity abides the most mysterious mind that has ever visited Wofford. ALEX is quite a mechanic. In his spare time, if he is not reading a weekly or practicing his vocal chords for the May Festival at Converse, he can always be found at one of the garages in the city, investigating the internal structure of any and every motor that is so unfortunate as to be in the vicinity. He was once heard to say, "If there are no automobiles in heaven, I don't want to go there." HERBERT is also quite a photographer, having taken numerous characteristic poses of his classmates for THE BOHEMIAN.



President, Vice-President, Preston Literary Society; Chief Marshal '13-'14; Class Basket-ball '11-'12, '13-'14; Class Football '13-'14; Football Squad '14-'15; Member College Council; Chairman Constitution Committee Preston Society.



Member Preston Literary Society; Marshal Sophomore Exhibition.



WILLIAM WHETSTONE HOLMAN, A. B.
ST. MATTHEWS, S. C.

*"The love of learning, the sequestered nooks,
and all the sweet serenity of books."*

BILL is one of the real students of the Class, as his full distinction list shows. The larger portion of his time is spent in devotion to his studies. Nevertheless, he has the commendable diversion of contributing to *The Journal*, and is usually well rewarded from that source at Commencement. He started his college career as a ruthless heart-crusher, but has since become far more considerate of the Spartanburg lassies. Concerning his plans for the future, BILL is altogether silent, but mark this well—a great career lies before him.

CHARLTON THOMPSON HOWARD, A. B.
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

*"I would that my tongue could utter the thoughts
that arise in me"*

CHOTT, SHOT, or any other name will do for him. He did not enter our Class until its Senior year, consequently he worked against us, much to our regret, in basket-ball, etc. Now, don't anyone ask this gymnastic youth why he wanted to name a Basket-ball squad at the Y. M. C. A., "Helen," for he is sure to blush. CHOTT would get along all right if he would stop cutting classes under the plea of "sickness."

Preston Society Reporter
The Old Gold and Black;
Class Football '14-'15;
Preston Society Essay
Medal '13-'14; Secretary
Class '14-'15; Senior-
Junior Story Medal '13-
'14; Secretary Calhoun
Club '14-'15; Winner
Wofford College Journal
Essay Medal '13-'14; Lit-
erary Contributor to THE
BOHEMIAN; Awarded
South Carolina College
Press Association Essay
Medal '14-'15.



Class Baseball '13-'14;
Class Football '14-'15;
Class Basket-ball '12-'13;
Gym Team '13-'14; Var-
sity Basket-ball '14-'15;
First Critic Calhoun Lit-
erary Society.



GEORGE THOMAS HUGHES, A. B.
COLUMBIA, S. C.

"He that is of merry heart has a continuous feast"

To see DOC every Saturday afternoon, with his half-gallon gripsack, one would think he was a tobacco drummer, but not so, he is on his way to Liberty, to deliver his Sunday roof-raiser to his congregation. DOC spent last summer at Liberty, and lo! a marvelous transformation occurred. After returning, he burst the bonds of conservatism, and his hitherto reticent spirit gave vent to numerous lyrics and sonnets to a fair one. But DOC is one of those jolly, jovial fellows, with a smile on his face and a joke on his tongue, that wins many friends; and we predict for him success.

JOSEPH CARSON HUTCHISON, A. B.
NINETY-SIX, S. C.

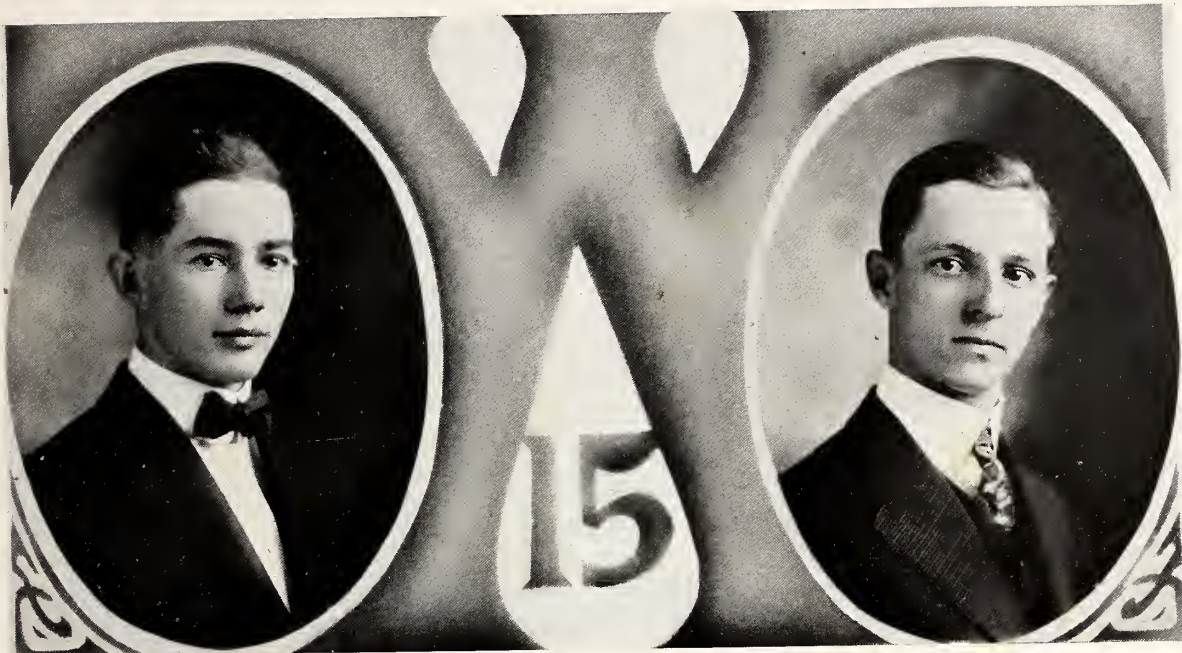
"Behold; Math leadeth a man aright"

Some three years ago, JODIE came to Wofford from the historical city of Ninety-Six. He has no bad habits, save those of studying, and he is trying to carry off all that he can of Wofford's knowledge. A good conscientious student, who is never satisfied unless he has plenty of Ones on his report. JODIE pretends to be a stranger among the fair sex, but "Dame Rumor" says that he takes a good many trips over the Interurban. His friends are numbered by his acquaintances, and we predict for him a successful future.

Treasurer Carlisle Literary Society; College Marshal '13-'14; Class Football '12-'13, '13-'14; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; Sophomore Orator; Fresh-Soph. Story Medal '12-'13.



Vice-President, First Critic, Third Critic, Monthly Orator, Calhoun Literary Society; Inter-Society Debate; Class Baseball '13-'14; Class Football '12-'13, '13-'14, '14-'15; Captain Class Team '14-'15; Local Editor Journal.



OSCAR GUY JORDAN, A. B.
LAMAR, S. C.

"Break not, O woman's heart, but still endure"

Here's the Guy who will make Lamar famous. Though he hails from the tobacco center, he comes neither chewing nor smoking, but possessing the noble qualities of John C. Calhoun and Patrick Henry. As Calhoun loved the South, and Henry loved Liberty, he loves South Liberty (Street). In some miraculous way, he seems to charm the girls, but his kid brother keeps him constantly aware that competition is the life of trade. Hark, some wild trumpeter, some strange musician! "O. G.", that's only his laugh. But alas, we admire his noble purposes, and wish for him a great future.



Third Censor, First Critic, Carlisle Literary Society; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet '14-'15; Vice-President, President Darlington County Club; Class Football '14-'15; Class Basket-ball '14-'15.

JAMES CARLISLE KEARSE, A. B.
OLAR, S. C.

"His apt, fair tongue delivers such apt and gracious words, that aged ears play truant at his tales"

CARL's great hobby is debating, and cultivating a little whisker, which he discovered in his Senior year. He is undoubtedly one of the best business men in the Class, and we predict for him a great and bright future.



Freshman Speaker, Sophomore Monthly Orator, Junior Weekly Orator, Third Censor, Second Censor, Recording Secretary, President, Preston Literary Society; Inter-Society Debater; First Alternate Wofford-Furman Debate '13-'14; Wofford-Emory-Henry Debater '13-'14; Wofford-College of Charleston Debater '14-'15; Member Intercollegiate Debating Council; Secretary Bamberg County Club; Vice-President, President Carlisle School Alumni; President Debating Club; Vice-President Bible Study Class; Carlisle Hall Executive Committee '12-'13; President '13-'14; Assistant Class Monitor '12-'13; Chairman Sophomore Reception Committee; Class Baseball four years, Manager one year; Class Basket-ball '13-'14; Business Manager THE BOHEMIAN; Senior Speaker.



ROBERT EDWARD KENNEY, A. B.
JOHNSON, S. C.

*"I am not only witty myself,
But the cause that there is wit in other men"*

BOB joined us in 1912, coming from the little town of Johnson, which he says is the best town in the State, and can't be convinced otherwise.

Although BOB has been with us but three years, he has made a great success of fooling the Faculty. If he is as successful in after years as he has been in the past three, we predict a great and glorious future. His highest ambition is to become a great doctor, and we wish him success, but we do not want him to experiment on any of us.

BOB's long suit is visiting Bernhardt's Flats, on the pretext of having pictures made; but we believe he goes to see some member of the fairer sex.



Member Calhoun Literary Society; Senior Class Prophet.

CARSON EDWARD KING, A. B.
MCBEE, S. C.

"A college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humor"

CARSON was captured in the swamps around McBee. He is an all-round good fellow, being an excellent student, with high ambitions. Owing to his enormous appetite, he will never be rich. He says his next step in enlarging his intellect will be a course in love, in which we have no doubt he will succeed.

Class Baseball four years, Manager '11-'12, Captain '13-'14; Class Football '14; Monthly Orator, Junior Weekly Orator, Corresponding Secretary, Third Censor, Second Critic, Recording Secretary, Vice-President, President, Carlisle Literary Society; Speaker Sophomore Exhibition; Inter-Society Debater; First Alternate Wofford Triangular Debate; Junior Debater; Wofford - Emory Debate; Vice-President, President Wofford Debating Club; Member Intercollegiate Debate Council; President Darlington County Club; Delegate to South Carolina College Press Association; Athletic Editor Wofford College Journal, Editor-in-Chief The Old Gold and Black.





JOSEPH MARION LANHAM, A. B.
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

JAMES YANCEY LEGETTE, A. B.
LATTA, S. C.

"It will discourse most eloquent music"

Here at least is one member of the Class who has no scruples about proclaiming his own worth. When anyone asks MARION if he has any specialty, he modestly and in a rather bored manner replies that he is something of a lyric tenor, and that he has some little reputation in newspaper circles as a journalist. We are loath to appear to doubt these statements, because of the fact that MARION is very sensitive to criticism, but we would like to suggest that it is not always best to try to cover too much territory.

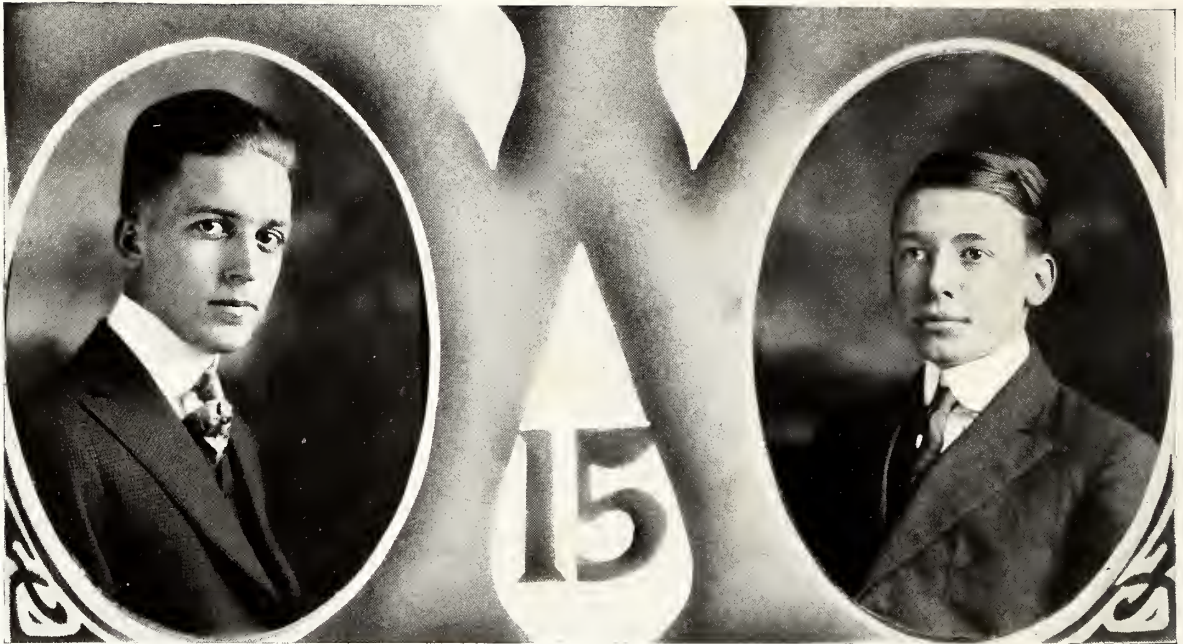
"A man more sinned against than sinning"

"Time works wonders." To look at him now, one would never think that NANCY was captured only after a long chase in the "Slashes" of Dillon County. SPHAGETTI, as he is sometimes called, with his frankness and big heart, fills the atmosphere with fun where'er he goes. Most of us think that YANCEY finds his greatest pleasure in everyday campus life, but beneath all of this there is a spot on Converse Street which fills his heart with secret joy. He has not yet declared his life's occupation, but we feel no hesitancy in saying, whatever his choice may be, that some day he will make Dillon County proud.



Glee Club '13-'14, '14-'15; Second Critic, Senior Weekly Orator, Calhoun Literary Society.

Vice-President, First Critic, Senior Monthly Orator, Carlisle Literary Society; President K. A. Club; Class Football '14-'15; Class Basket-ball '14-'15; Class Baseball '14-'15; Track Squad '14-'15.



EDWIN FLEMING LUCAS, A. B.
LAURENS, S. C.

JOHN JOE MCFALL, A. B.
PICKENS, S. C.

"Such a man might be a copy to these younger times"

BOOB, OSCAR, or sometimes DOC, is one of the most popular men in our Class. You can see his cheery grin before he comes around the corner, especially when he is bound for East Main Street. ED will make "his mark" in the world.

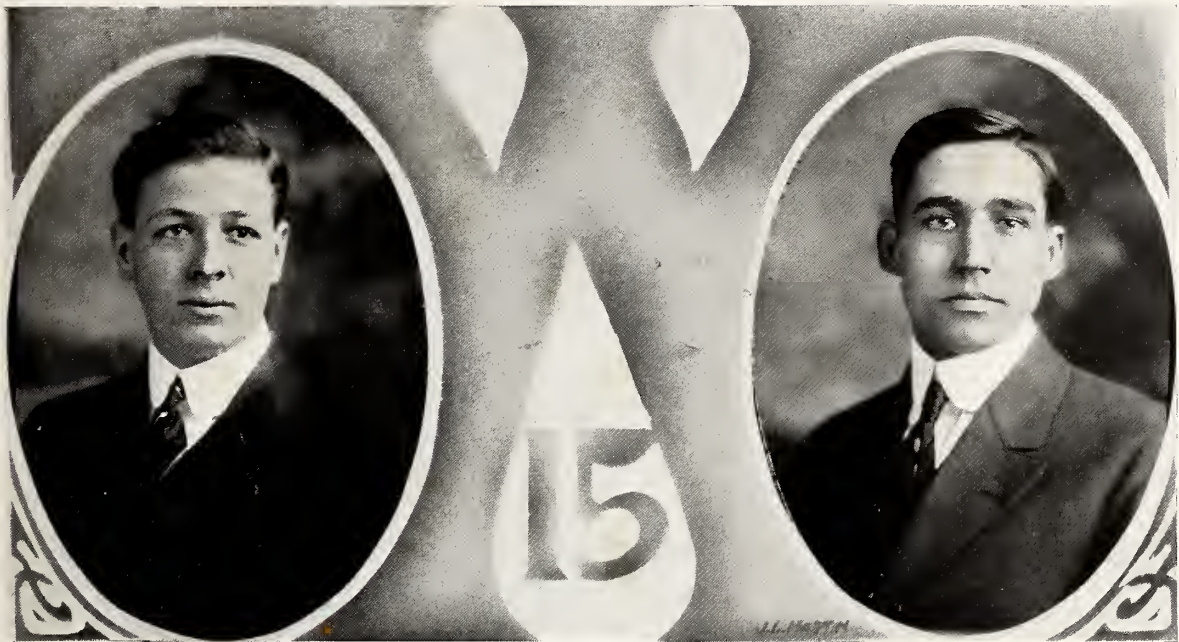
President, Recording Secretary, Second Censor, Corresponding Secretary, Monthly Orator, Constitutional Revision Committee, Inter-Society Debater, Calhoun Literary Society; Chief Marshal Freshman Exhibition; Marshal Sophomore Exhibition; College Marshal; Junior Debater; Inter-Society Committee; Secretary and President Carlisle Hall Self-Government Association; Executive Committee S. C. I. O. A. '14-'15; Vice-President, President Wofford Fitting School Alumni Association; President Class '13-'14; Manager Varsity Football Team '14-'15; Business Manager *The Old Gold and Black*; Editor-in-Chief THE BOHEMIAN; Manager Varsity Baseball Team '14-'15; President Laurens County Club; Treasurer, President Terpsichorean Club; President Block "W" Club; Senior Speaker.

"On their own merits, modest men are dumb"

Four years ago, the Class of '15 was made famous, when MAC came over from Pickens and enrolled. By his modesty and ability, he at once attracted the attention of his classmates. At the beginning of the Sophomore year, he had, through the unceasing efforts of Professor Keaton, reached that size where he might wear long trousers. However, if you want a scrap on hand, just say something against Pickens, for MAC says that it is "God's own country." Judging from his past, we have no doubt but that there is in store for him a great career.



Recording Secretary, Junior Monthly Orator, First Censor, Member Treasury Board, Vice-President, Carlisle Literary Society; Class Basket-ball '12-'13, '13-'14, '14-'15; Class Baseball '13-'14; Class Football '14-'15.



HOUSTON MANNING, A. B.
LATTA, S. C.

GLENN GORDON MARLOWE, A. B.
DOTHAN, N. C.

"Who mixed reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth"

"What's all that crowd over there?" "Oh, it is nothing but a bunch of fellows arguing. Yes, there is HOUS. Somebody must have said something against the Preston Literary Society." HOUS is one of the most loyal Society men on the campus. He always "sticks up" for his friends, and will "scrap" in a minute if he sees anyone imposed on.

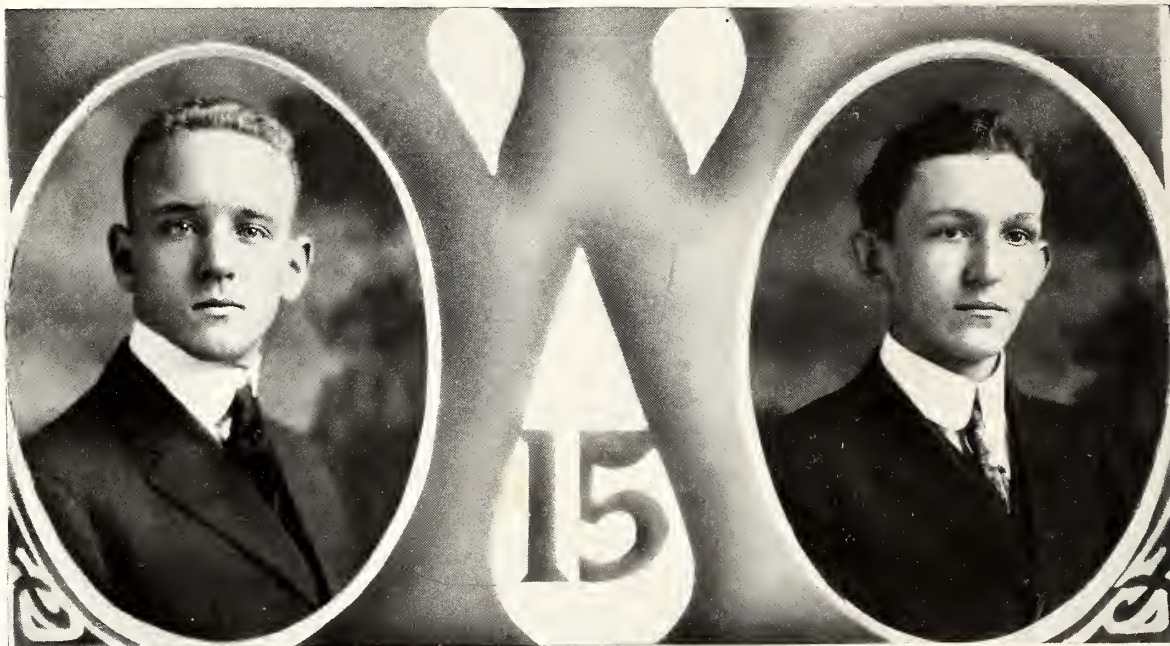
"Faint, like one mingled in entwining love"

"Stop! Look! and Listen!" Here comes the "unlimited," from the Tarheel State; comes as a missionary, but is led astray by the constant companionship of "Mox." CARLOWE is known as the famous "Knight of the Lady's Table." When not in his room, he can be promptly located at "186." His motto is, "When down in the mouth, think of Jonah, he came out all right." If he could have graded his own papers, he would have made nothing but "Ones." To say the least, he is an all-around good student, and his open-heartedness has made his friends everlasting ones.

Entered 1910-'11; Dropped Out 1911-'12; Re-entered 1912; President, Recording Secretary, First, Second, and Third Censor, Inter-Society Committee, Inter-Society Debater, Monthly Orator, Preston Literary Society; Freshman Speaker; Sophomore Speaker; Junior Debater; Intercollegiate Debater '13-'14; Assistant Advertising Manager BOHEMIAN '13-'14; Local Editor *The Old Gold and Black* '14-'15; Treasurer Y. M. C. A. '13-'14; Cheer Leader '13-'14; President Marion - Dillon County Club; President, Vice-President Wofford Social Science Club.



First Censor Carlisle Literary Society; Sophomore Marshal; Inter - Society Committee; Class Football '14-'15; Class Baseball '14-'15.



WILLIAM MELVIN, A. B.
DILLON, S. C.

JAMES ERNEST MERCHANT, A. B.
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

"His eyes with every glance make a new choice"

Long will we seek for one who cares more for Converse than Bill. His whole college course is filled with love comedies and a few tragedies. We can never tell what will become of him, as his ambition is too broad, but we predict that he will some day roam the forests of the Philippines, or return to his native State and show the "Tarheels" how to farm.

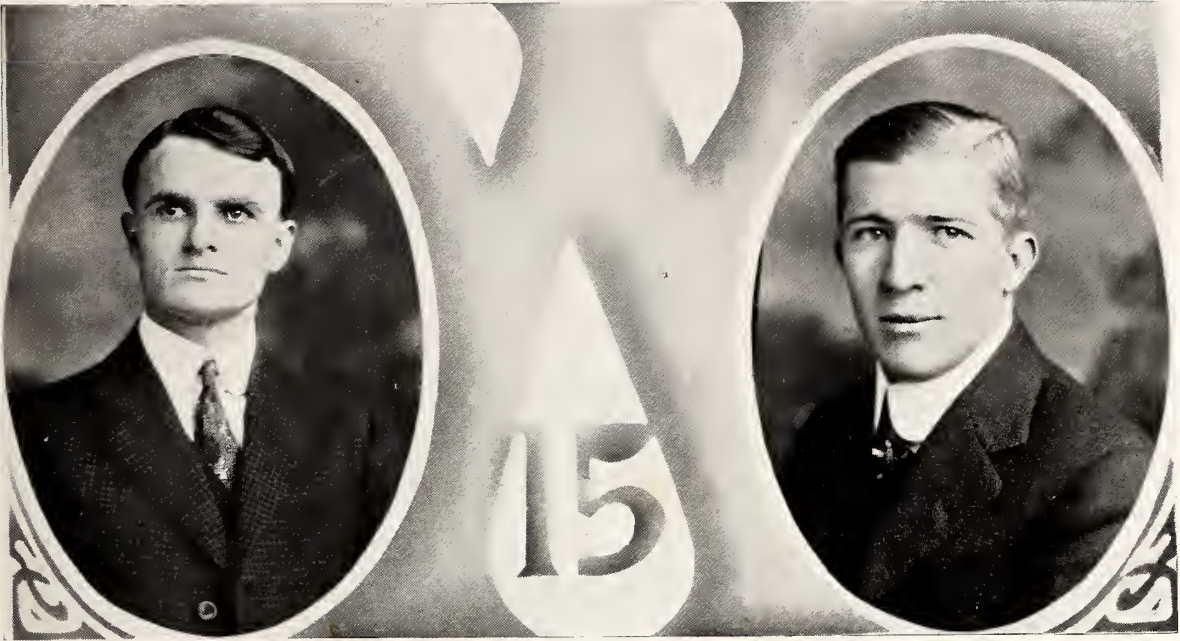
Corresponding Secretary, Third Critic, Second Critic, Second Censor, First Censor, Vice-President, President, Calhoun Literary Society; Inter-Society Committee; Secretary, President Carlisle Hall Self-Government Association; Class Football Three Years; Captain '13-'14, Manager '14-'15, Inter-Class Football Three Years; Manager '13-'14, Varsity Football '14-'15; Assistant Athletic Editor THE BOHEMIAN; Athletic Editor THE BOHEMIAN; Athletic Editor THE Old Gold and Black; Member Athletic Advisory Board Two Years; Member Block W Club.

"Spread o'er the silvery waves thy raven hair"

Well, here's our Class baby, and don't he look dignified? "97" always looks very dignified, and this appearance of dignity is further aided by his "Little" derby, which he wears on all occasions. He is very shy, and on account of this he has "stagged" it to all the receptions. CHUNK is also very quiet, never talks above a whisper, and can constantly be seen in the library, going from group to group, asking the fellows to be a little quieter. CHUNK studies very hard, and we feel assured that if he attacks his business in the same manner that he has his books we shall see him some day at the top of the ladder.



Member Calhoun Literary Society.



CLARENCE ALVA MONROE, A. B.
MARION, S. C.

"His heart has never melted at the concord of sweet feminine voices"

There are a few elements in this compound that are rather hard to analyse; therefore we will deal only with the chief ones. We think, sentimentally, he is disposed to harmony; but organically he is not capable of carrying a tune. However, this is not his fault, because he tries persistently to make a record equal to that of his brother. It is rumored that he will go abroad to get a Doctor's Degree in Modern Languages, and it may be true, as he has the courage to undertake impossibilities.

ROLAND ROBERT MOSELEY, A. B.
LAURENS, S. C.

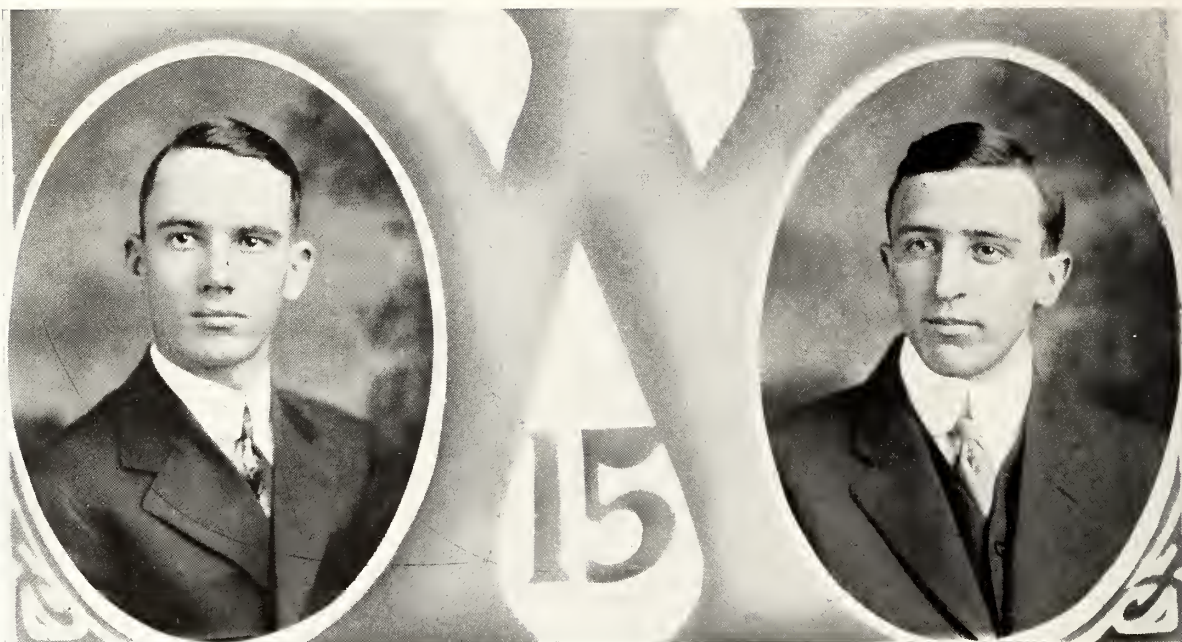
"A noticeable man, with large, blue eyes"

In September, 1911, a terrific cyclone swept over Spartanburg, and as a result landed in our midst one GOAT MOSELEY. Of "hot air" he has an abundant supply, which he generally keeps in circulation. During his Sophomore year, GOAT was frequently seen in Converse parlors, or reading his "Cupid's Daily Dart." This year, on the gridiron, he has been one of our best football players, and was winning great fame when a "swat" on his "think-tank" put him out of the game for the latter part of the season. But, all in all, GOAT is a mighty good fellow, and we predict for him a great future as a business man.



Class Football '11-'12,
'12-'13, '13-'14; Class
Baseball '13-'14; Member
Wofford College Honor
System Organization '12-
'13.

First Censor Preston Lit-
erary Society; Class Foot-
ball '11-'12, '12-'13, '13-
'14; Varsity Football '14-
'15.



GEORGE MAXCEY PERRY, A. B.
ROCKTON, S. C.

"Not o'erstepping the bounds of modesty"

GEORGE, better known as MACK, came to the land of civilization in September, 1911. After four years of college life, great changes can easily be noticed in both his intellect and other characteristics. In fact, MACK'S progress can be better explained by the saying: "Once upon a time he resembled a poor little green twig, easily toppled by the wind; while at present he is likened unto a gigantic tree, well matured and developed." MACK can often be seen boarding an eastbound train, and we venture to assume that the reason of this is "that little girl" back home.

FRANK WANNAMAKER RAYSOR, A. B.
ST. MATTHEWS, S. C.

*"I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none"*

ZOO originated in the great metropolis of central South Carolina—St. Matthews; and he actually acknowledges the fact. He is undoubtedly the champion checker player of the campus, and steadily sighs for more worlds to conquer. His chief ambition, however, is to establish a university for the purpose of investigating the origin of the German language. But, in spite of all this, ZOO is a hard worker and a true friend, and no matter in what direction he decides to turn in life we predict for him the very greatest success.



Varsity Track '11-'12, '12-'13; Class Baseball Three Years; Class Basketball Three Years; Class Football '14-'15; Member Preston Literary Society; Vice-President Bobo Club; Secretary and Treasurer Engineers' Club.



First Censor, Second Censor, Senior Monthly Orator, Member Inter-Society Committee, Carlisle Literary Society; Secretary Intercollegiate Debate Council; Varsity Track '12-'13, '13-'14; Class Football '15; Carlisle Society Reporter *The Old Gold and Black*; Class Baseball '14-'15.



JOHN JACOB RILEY, A.B., A.M.
ORANGEBURG, S. C.

"The elements are so mixed in him that you may stand up before the world and say, this is a man"

Now we behold a student who has taken a high place in many phases of College activities. JOHN has proved himself an all-'round man by the quality of his literary work and his good showing in athletics. After vain struggles, he has at length succeeded in sprouting what he terms a moustache. This proves the old adage, "Where there's a will, there's a way."

Class Basket-ball Three Years; Class Football; Class Baseball Two Years; Scrub Football '14-'15; Marshal Sophomore Exhibition; Carlisle Hall Student Government Committee; Varsity Track '13-'14, Captain '14-'15; Assistant Literary Editor, Assistant Editor-in-Chief Annual; Editor - in - Chief Journal; Vice - President Orangeburg Club; Assistant Football Manager; Tennis Manager; Secretary Wofford Council; Secretary Athletic Association; Class Historian '13-'14, Secretary '13-'14, President Senior Class; Inter-Society Debater; Second Censor, Recording Secretary, First Critic, President Calhoun Literary Society; President Student-Body; Senior Speaker.

CHARLES WELLS SPOTT, A. B.
MANNING, S. C.

"As idle as a painted ship upon a painted sea"

Here comes CHARLIE, alias WATERLOO, another one of the representatives of old Clarendon, the garden spot of lower South Carolina. The improvements in CHARLIE have been marvelous since he joined us, especially if we take into consideration the fact that before the Fall of 1911 he was better acquainted with alligators and other denizens of the Santee swamps than he was with the philosophy of learned professors. To see CHARLIE strolling nonchalantly down street nowadays one would think that he was reared in some large city, like New York or perhaps Greer.

CHARLIE's one fond dream is to hold down the chair of Biology in the University of Wisconsin.



Member Calhoun Literary Society; Sophomore Monthly Orator.



WALLACE WENDELL STEADMAN, A.B.
CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C.

*"I live for those who love me;
For those I know are true"*

That WALLACE is a man of hard common sense, is shown by the fact that he took only a part of his Senior work last year, waiting to graduate with the Class of '15. WALLACE is a good student, and shines in athletics. He has shown fine form in Varsity basket-ball, putting lots of "pep" and "ginger" in his playing. Although he is somewhat bashful, he has refused absolutely to shy behind a lamppost when a pretty girl comes along. From this we gather that some time in the future he will marry and settle down as Professor of Chemistry in some University in the "Sunny South."

JOHN DAVID STUART, A. B.
CARONACA, S. C.

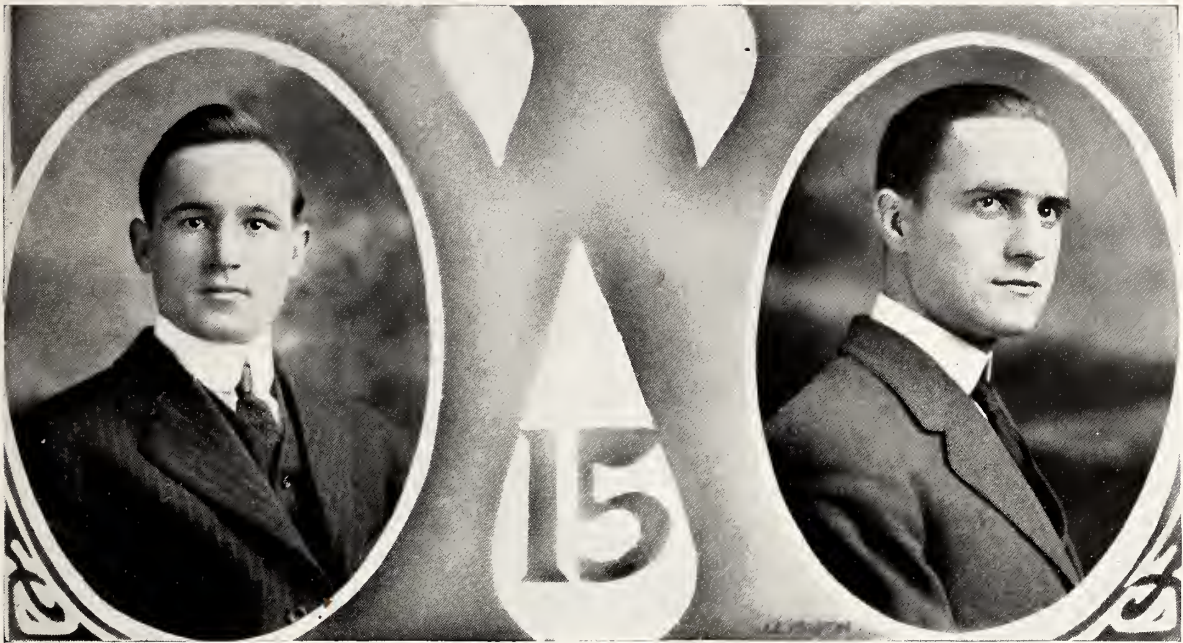
"Valuable jewels are wrapped in small packages"

Why here comes JEB, the poet laureate of our Class. Not being satisfied with the way Newberry College was run, he came to us in 1912, and has been an honor to Old W. C. He is seldom heard to say much except when speaking to his girl, or when turning a silent group into an uproar of laughter. Small of stature, but broad-minded, JEB stars in his classes and on the athletic field. A little red streak means that JEB is crossing the goal line for a touchdown. We know that Caronaca will be proud of him some day."



First and Second Censor
Preston Literary Society;
Secretary and Treasurer
Class of '10-'11; Class
Football, Baseball, and
Basket-ball; Varsity
Basket-ball Three Years.

Entered 1912; Calhoun
Literary Society; Member
Y. M. C. A. Cabinet;
Class Football '14-'15; As-
sistant Chief Engineers'
Club; Class Poet.



ROBERT CLIFTON STUCKEY, A. B.
BISHOPVILLE, S. C.

WILLIAM BROOKS STUCKEY, A.B.
SUMTER, S. C.

"He thought as a sage, but he felt as a man"

To look at him now, one would never consider him a bunch of impossibilities, but such was CLIFF's condition when Professor Mason DuPre took him into his protecting care six years ago. Finishing at the Fitting School in 1911, CLIFF came to us for further development into manhood. He has not only won honors and medals in his literary work, but he has also won fame on the athletic field. The opinion of those who know CLIFF is that in the near future we shall hear of his being professor of Chemistry in one of the large western Universities.

"An abridgement of all that is pleasant in man"

Here he is, girls. What about him? Well, it's like this; he says he is from the "Gamecock City." We don't know, but from what we can gather he was found somewhere in the swamps of Sumter County by Dr. Clinkscales, and brought to Wofford in the Fall of 1911. BROOKS is a quiet, easy-going kind of fellow, with a big heart, strong character, and a great fund of humor, and we see no reason why he should not make a success in whatever he undertakes for his life-work.



Class Football Three Years; Coach Senior Football; Varsity Football '14-'15; Class Basket-ball Four Years, Captain '14-'15; Monthly Orator, Corresponding Secretary, Recording Secretary, Chairman Board of Trustees, Vice-President, President, Carlisle Literary Society; Vice-President Senior Class.



Vice-President, Recording Secretary, First Critic, Corresponding Secretary, Inter-Society Debater, Monthly Orator, Freshman Speaker, Sophomore Speaker, Sophomore Marshal, Preston Literary Society; Assistant Athletic Editor BOHEMIAN '12-'13; Assistant Exchange Editor Journal '13-'14; Vice-President Class '13-'14; Secretary '12-'13, Vice-President '13-'14 Carlisle Self-Government Association.



JAMES MILTON TOWNSEND, A. B.
BENNETTSVILLE, S. C.

"Indeed, he hath an excellent good name"

To look at MILT, you would never think that he was once the champion rabbit hunter of the Pee Dee swamps. Now his favorite pastimes are, playing basket-ball, studying French and German, and taking weekly trips to Carlisle "to see his aunt" (?). Rumors say that he will study law; and we wish him the great success that he merits, for MILT is a true and conscientious fellow.



President, Vice-President, Treasurer, First Censor, Calhoun Literary Society; President Class '11-'12; President Marlboro Club '13-'14, '14-'15; Manager Varsity Basket-ball, Manager Class Basket-ball Three Years, Varsity Basket-ball two years; Member Honor System Committee '13-'14; Member Intercollegiate Debate Council '14-'15; Class Football two years; Member Carlisle Hall Student Government Committee; Assistant Literary Editor BOHEMIAN '11-'12; Treasurer Class '13-'14.

GEORGE WILLIAM WANNAMAKER, JR., A. B.
ST. MATTHEWS, S. C.

"Whatever record leaps to light, he never shall be shamed"

GEORGE, JR., is a make-up of ambition, energy, and love for the ladies, covered over with a meager "sandy top." From this combination, we predict a great man, and sincerely believe that we shall not be disappointed.



Corresponding Secretary, Treasurer, Second Critic, First Censor, President, Preston Literary Society; Editor College Handbook and Calendar Two Years; Vice-President Y. M. C. A. '13-'14; Delegate to Quadrennial Student Convention, Kansas City; Secretary Student-body; Marshal Sophomore Exhibition; Varsity Track Three Years; Captain Track '13-'14, Manager Track '14-'15; Executive Committee Carlisle Hall Self-Government Association; President Debating Club; Vice-President Social Science Club; Literary Editor Journal, Y. M. C. A. Editor Journal; Literary Editor THE BOHEMIAN; Executive Committee State College Press Association; President Students' Sunday School Class; President Wofford Honor System Organization; Senior Speaker.





HERBERT GREY WATERS, A. B.
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

*"And hie him home at evening's close,
To sweet repast and calm repose"*

HERBERT is the class monopolist of the art of music, and with one of those rare personalities which is invariably destined to keep on expanding. This lad has been a member of the Glee Club ever since he entered the Wofford Prep. School. His unconquerable energy and thorough business ability accounts for him being manager of the Glee Club for a couple of years; this also probably accounts for his "snatching his Dip" in three years. Gaze into those sparkling eyes; you wouldn't think it, but he is a good student of feminine graces, and if one should ask him where his Lab. was, he would probably say, "Converse College." For him we can only predict a brilliant career.

Entered 1912-'13; First Critic Preston Lit. Soc'y; Member Gym. Team '14-'15; Member Glee Club Three Years, Quartet, Soloist Three Years, Bus. Mgr. Glee Club '13-'14, '14-'15; Track Squad '14-'15; Orchestra '13-'14, '14-'15; Class Basket-ball '14-'15.

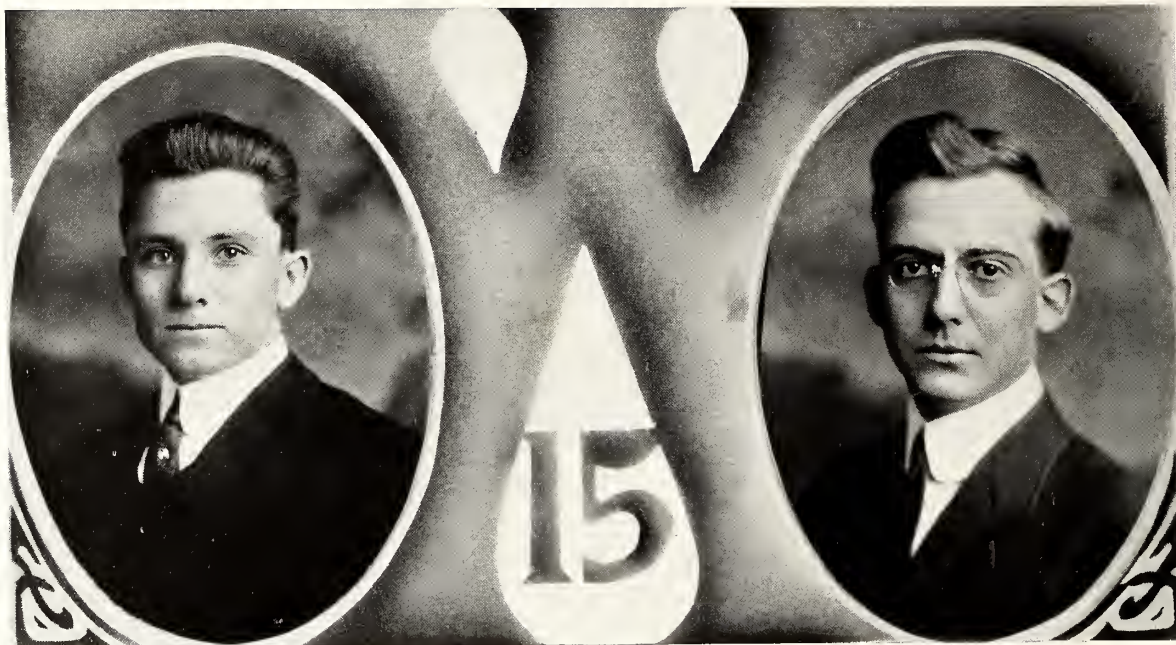
JOHN BALLARD WHITMAN, A.B.
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

*"And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place"*

WHITMAN is his name all right, but no matter what he says there is really no connection between him and the great New York lawyer. He is a real acrobat, and takes particular delight in thrilling his audience with his wonderful stunts. He is a busy student, and divides his time equally between instructing the "Fighters" in gym, and strolling by the "Verse," where his graceful bows and broad smiles have become famous. JOHN is at present undecided about his life work, but we think he will be a great lawyer.



Monthly Orator, First Censor, Calhoun Literary Society; Vice-President Musical Association; Captain Gym Team '13-'14, '14-'15.



PAUL WHITAKER, A. B.
GREELYVILLE, S. C.

CLARENCE YATES WIGFALL, A.B.
CHARLESTON, S. C.

"A little bit of hope makes a rainy day look gay"

Listen! What is that I hear? Surely it is Caruso. No, it is only WHIT training his voice for the May Festival. But "P" has other virtues, one of which is visiting the home of a certain member of the Faculty, and frequenting Oakland Avenue. He is very fond of the ladies, and says he knows them all. His greatest ambition is to get married, settle down in Greelyville, and sing in the choir. But we predict that he will some day win fame in grand opera, or teach Physics in some Northern University.

*"True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun"*

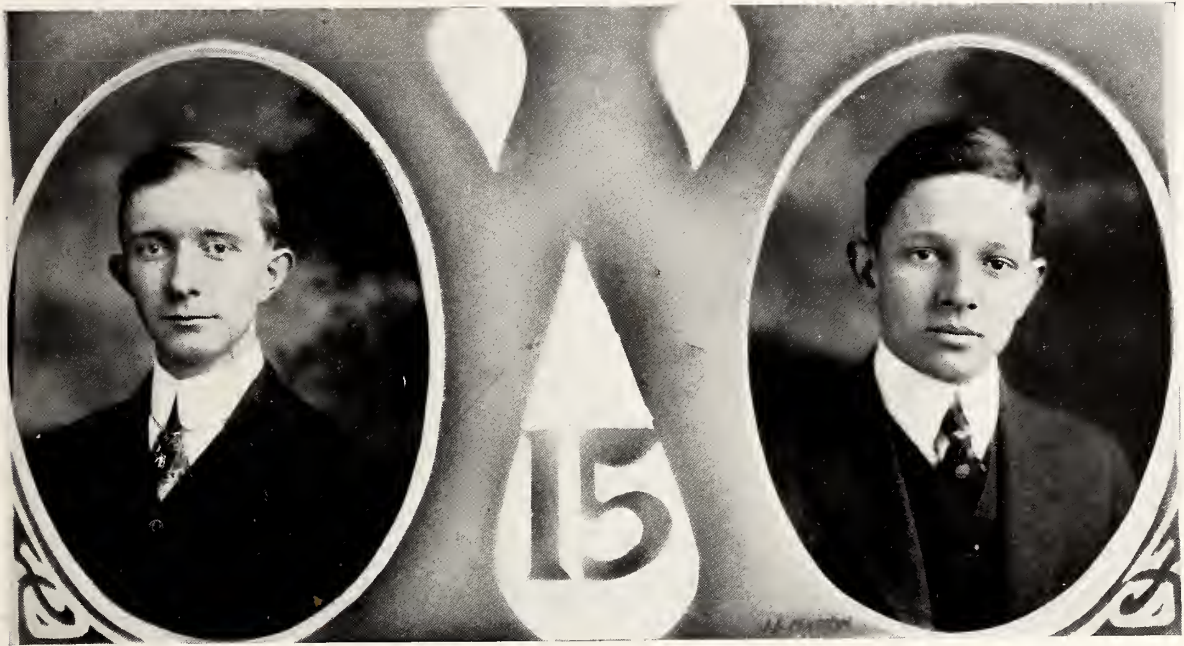
WIG spent the first two years of his college life at Clemson, but not having any German blood in his veins he soon tired of the system of "Militarism," and came to Wofford. Even though he says he is from Charleston, we have our doubts about it, because whenever he leaves college he always goes to Florida, and then toq he is noted for getting boxes of oranges from that sunny State. Putting these things together, we have come to the conclusion that he was discovered in an orange tree, tamed, and sent to college. Nevertheless, he is a real poet, and we feel sure that when the right

stimulus strikes him he will be moved to verse that will make the Class famous. He is a man with a big heart, and we expect to hear of his being one of the leaders in the foreign mission field.

Vice-President, First Censor, Second Censor, Senior Monthly Orator, Preston Literary Society; Member Glee Club Three Years, Member Quartet Two Years, Secretary and Treasurer '14-'15, Assistant Manager '13-'14; Member Orchestra Two Years, Manager Two Years; Class Football Two Years, Varsity Football '14-'15; Track Team Three Years; Class Basket-ball '14-'15; Assistant Gymnasium Instructor '13-'14-'15.



Entered in the Fall of 1913; Member Preston Literary Society.



JAMES ARTHUR WOLFE, A. B.
INMAN, S. C.

"They also serve who only stand and wait"

Behold! Here comes MUTT WOLFE and his "Full English," with all the grace and beauty his magnificent figure will allow. When leisurely strolling around town, and inhaling the gentle odors of the T. A. C. guano factory, he idealizes life, and inspires to become its manager some day. Having developed considerably in nerve since his Freshman year, when he was very bashful, he takes time by the forelock, and is making his Senior year the best of all. Evidently there is a reason for this great change. According to internal external evidence, there is somewhere in this land of ours a fair one waiting for him.

JULIAN SAWYER WOLFE, A. B.
ORANGEBURG, S. C.

*"Nature formed but one such man,
And broke the die"*

FOXIE's favorite expression is, "I'll tell the world that"; and we have no doubt that some day he will tell the world something. FOXIE's real name is WOLFE. Since civilization has taken much of the fierceness out of the WOLFE, it has been unanimously decided that FOXIE would be more appropriate. If FOXIE keeps pulling at his little lock of hair, we fear that he will be prematurely bald. He is noted for his extensive study of sciences.



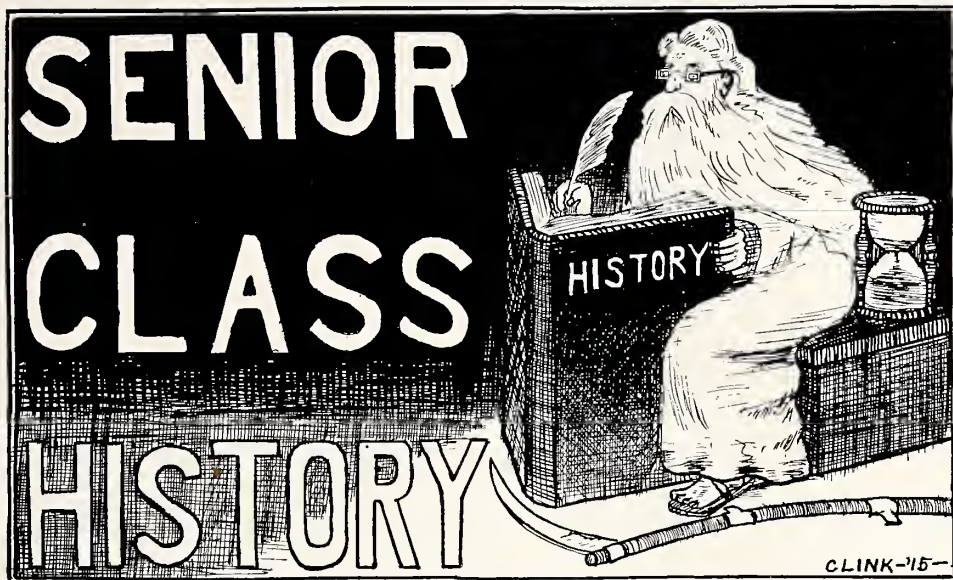
Treasurer Bobo Club;
Treasurer, First Critic,
Carlisle Literary Society;
Member Class Basket-ball
'14-'15.

Corresponding Secretary,
Monthly Orator, Third
Censor, Vice - President,
Preston Literary Society;
Revelers' Club '12-'13, '13-
'14, '14-'15; Class Baseball
'12-'13, '13-'14, '14-'15.



IN MEMORIAM
W. D. WALL
BORN SEPTEMBER 15, 1892
DIED JULY 22, 1914





ON A September morning of 1911, the bell in Wofford Chapel rang out once more the announcement which it had repeated annually for over a half-century. A new college year had begun. Almost a hundred new men had gathered this year to begin their careers as Wofford students.

As they viewed their strange surroundings, most of the men appeared to sense the atmosphere peculiar to Wofford. The old trees and the weather-stained buildings seemed to be vague reminders of the traditions established by the scores of Classes that had gone before.

As soon as they had become accustomed to their new surroundings and duties, the Freshman Class organized. They elected the following officers: *President*, J. M. Townsend; *Vice-President*, O. A. Darby; *Secretary*, F. C. Ayer. The new Class soon entered the field of athletics, and the following team officers were elected: Baseball—Harley, *Captain*, and King, *Manager*; Football—Muldrow, *Captain*, and Thompson, *Manager*; and Basket-ball—Harley, *Captain*, and Townsend, *Manager*. It is a matter of record that Freshman teams do not ordinarily win championships. The men are too inexperienced, and too young. While these teams were no exception, they showed that they only needed time for development.

In the Freshman year of the Class of 1915, the question of the honor system arose. This question had been deferred by all preceding Classes until the second year in College. The new Class, however, realized that the system could be as beneficial to Freshmen as to Seniors, and set a new record by adopting it in their first year at Wofford.

In their Freshman year, the Class also set a new record of challenging the Sophomores to a debate. For reasons of their own, the Sophomores refused, and the self-esteem of the Class rose several points in consequence.

With the Spring came the oratorical event of greatest interest to our Class—the Freshman Exhibition. Each of the three Societies elected two representatives. They were: Calhoun Society, Rice and Smith; Preston Society, Stuckey and Kearse; Carlisle Society, Syfan and Thrower. At the end of the speaking, a medal is annually awarded to the most eloquent declaimer. R. J. Syfan won the medal upon this occasion. Everyone declared it to be the best exhibition of oratory they had heard in years, and of course the Class had no difficulty in believing them.

While engaged in organizing and in becoming accustomed to our new surroundings, our Freshman year rapidly slipped by. The following autumn we re-assembled as Sophomores. Though we were only the same Freshmen, with a little, a very little, of the green rubbed off, a feeling of infinite superiority stole over us when we viewed the new Freshmen. We cherished a kindly feeling toward the new men, but nevertheless we did not forget the great difference between our stations.

A Class meeting was held soon after assembling, and the following officers were elected: *President*, R. J. Syfan; *Vice-President*, G. W. Wannamaker, Jr.; *Secretary and Treasurer*, H. L. Clinkscales. At this time the Class instituted the office of Monitor. G. W. Gage was elected to fill that position. The following were elected in the athletic field: Baseball—Frey, *Captain*; Kearse, *Manager*; Football—Syfan, *Captain*; Stuckey, *Manager*; and Basket-ball—Hamilton, *Captain*, and Townsend, *Manager*. The teams were much stronger than those of our Freshman year. They made the following record: In baseball, we won two out of four games; in football, we won one victory, and had three close defeats; in basket-ball, we won three out of four games.

The all-important oratorical event for us this year was the Sophomore Exhibition. Heretofore the speakers had been elected by the Class, but now a change was introduced. The speakers were elected by the three Societies. They were: Calhoun, R. C. Rice and H. M. Smith; Preston, H. Manning and W. B. Stuckey; Carlisle, H. N. Dukes and C. E. King. The oratory was declared by some to be superior even to that exhibited on the occasion of the year before.

The next year we were Juniors. Our number had dwindled somewhat, and perhaps we looked just a little older, but in other respects we were the same. We had merely mounted one round higher up the ladder. Our officers were chosen as follows: *President*, E. F. Lucas; *Vice-President*, W. B. Stuckey; *Treasurer*, J. M. Townsend; *Secretary*, J. J. Riley.

Later, when the athletic season drew near, we elected the following: Baseball—Frey, *Manager*; King, *Captain*; Football—Syfan, *Manager*; Melvin, *Captain*; and Basket-ball, Townsend, *Manager*, and Evans, *Captain*. And having accomplished these results the election work of the year ceased.

And in this year, as in the years preceding, the Class participated in oratorical events. A member of the Junior Class, R. J. Syfan, was chosen to represent Wofford in a contest between all the Colleges of the State, at Rock Hill. Our classmate followed the example set by numerous predecessors, by winning the State Championship for Wofford, and a medal for himself.

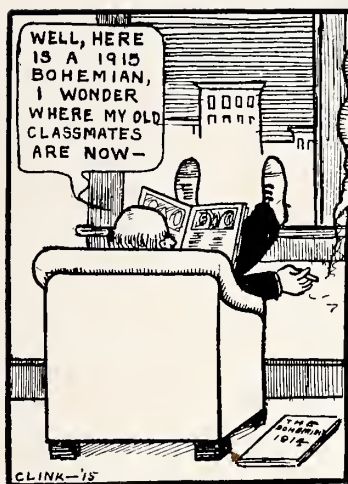
And thus, in the course of time, and it seemed a very long time, we became Seniors. We had passed through all the processes from the raw material to the finished product. The year has not yet passed altogether, and the product is not altogether finished, but we feel that much has already been accomplished.

At the beginning of the term, the following officers were elected: *President*, J. J. Riley; *Vice-President*, R. C. Stuckey; *Secretary*, W. W. Holman; *Treasurer*, W. J. Brown; *Prophet*, R. E. Kenney; *Poet*, J. D. Stuart; *Historian*, E. C. Bomar.

The history of the Class would not be complete without a word as to the part the Class has played in the various College activities. Last year, the students desired intercollegiate football. As the rising Senior Class, we pledged ourselves to stand behind and take the responsibility. And people tell us that we have kept our pledge. We have the following men on the Varsity team: R. C. Stuckey, Melvin, Frey, and R. R. Moseley. On other college teams we have: Baseball, Frey; Basket-ball, J. M. Townsend, *Manager*, Howard, and Steadman; Track, Riley, *Captain*, Wannamaker, *Manager*.

This year the students of the College felt the need of a weekly publication. The Senior Class took this movement in hand, and the result was the founding of *The Old Gold and Black*, a paper issued every week to every student, containing in pithy, concise language an account of all College activities at Wofford. The staff, elected from the entire student-body, is as follows: C. E. King, *Editor-in-Chief*; E. F. Lucas, *Business Manager*; H. N. Dukes, *Circulation Manager*; W. G. Ramseur, *Assistant Editor-in-Chief*; W. Melvin, *Athletic Editor*; H. Manning, *Local Editor*; and J. C. Pruitt, *Athletic Editor*.

—E. C. BOMAR, *Historian*



Class Prophecy

WHEREVER you are, and whoever you may be, there is one thing in which you and I are alike at this moment and all the moments of our existence. We are not at rest; our life is not a mere fact; it is a movement, a tendency, a steady, ceaseless progress to an unseen goal. We are gaining or losing something every day. Even when our position and character seem to remain the same, they are changing, for the mere advance of time is change.

Twenty years have passed since the members of the Class of 1915 met for the last time in the chapel of Wofford College. They too have changed. Some have become lawyers, some doctors, some senators and congressmen, and in fact some are in all the various vocations of life.

I decided to take a tour, dreamed of twenty years ago, when we were Seniors at College. I first visited Washington, and found myself in the halls of the Senate during its session. A great question of State was under discussion by the two senators from South Carolina and one from Georgia. Upon closer observation, I found them to be Houston Manning and J. Carl Kearse, of South Carolina, and Hubert N. Dukes, of Georgia. At the close of the debate, I drew near to speak to them. In the course of our conversation, they informed me that C. E. King and W. B. Stuckey represented the old Palmetto State in the House of Representatives. These men had become the great political thinkers of the commonwealth, on the Calhoun and Webster type, and not the mere politicians of today. They aspired to higher and nobler things than social gain and wealth.

From there I went to the Congressional Library, and found A. S. Herbert, the bookworm of our Class. "Alex" was never found without a book, and always made his spare moments useful. He told me that F. W. Raysor was at the head of a large knife manufacturing establishment. "Zoo," with all his keenness, was cutting a big "shine" in society.

Leaving here, I went to the station. A short, chubby, red-faced fellow, with slightly-red hair, came through the station calling out the number and destination of the trains. He was no other than J. Yancey LeGette.

I reached New York in due time, and while strolling up the streets in the most fashionable part of the city I noticed above a broad plate glass window this sign, "Bomar & Christman, Dealers in Men's Furnishings." The assets of this firm far exceeded the liabilities, because the proprietors themselves were the models. The foundation of this great establishment was laid in College, when these boys represented several clothing establishments.

I dropped into one of the offices of *Life*, and found H. L. Clinkscales as Art Editor. "Clink" had become famous with his new cartoons, which had made "Mutt and Jeff" back numbers. The following morning I visited Wall Street, only to find a great commotion. Upon inquiry, I found that Ed. Lucas and Bill Melvin were about to corner the grain market.

On my way to the station, I noticed a young man just ahead of me, apparently much worried. I recognized him, and spoke to him. Guy Jordan told me his troubles, which were as follows: He had persuaded some poor Jane to marry him, and found later that she was a vixen. He was now truly repenting for smashing so many young hearts in his younger days. He informed me that J. J. Riley was Professor of History and Economics in Columbia University. John was the student of the campus when it came to reciting History and Economics.

I boarded the train, and in due time arrived at Chicago. I decided to spend the evening at the Conservatory of Music. Upon inquiry of the manager, I found that the artist of the evening was Monsieur Broadway. "Badger" was widely known in the musical world. While at College he was often found in chapel playing old-time melodies and the la'e "Rags." The curtain went down. I glanced around, and saw a broad-shouldered man, with a beautiful lady by his side. There was something familiar about that light hair and the manner in which he played with his whiskers. C. Y. Wigfall was married, and was doing well as a dentist. His work was his only advertisement, and was bringing great results.

The following evening I went to the Ball Park, to see the World's Series played off between Boston and Philadelphia. I found Jake Frey "tossing the pill" to win "The International Rag" for his team. Jake informed me that J. J. McFall had invented a model folding cradle for babies, with a safety device to keep them from falling out. "Mack," with his genius, had developed the world of science thus far.

From Chicago, I proceeded to Los Angeles. The first place of interest to me was the University, so I decided to visit it. I learned that G. M. Perry and R. C. Stuckey were at the head of the Science Department. These boys had made a wonderful record in the chemistry laboratory. In the same department was J. S. Wolfe, Professor of Physics. "Foxey" loved Physics so well that he took Physics I two years while at Wofford. He told me that Paul Whitaker was "gym" instructor in one of the colleges of the same city.

From here I went to the athletic fields, to see the annual tournament. W. W. Holman was winner of the Marathon race. He was no longer "Bill," the student, but instead "Bill," the athlete. The following day I visited the football park to see a game. Our old star, E. H. Blackman, was still on his job, and was now counted a ringer among ringers.

From Los Angeles, I took ship, via Panama Canal, for England and other countries of the old world. During the voyage, I visited the office of the captain of the ship, and found H. G. Haynes studying his chronometer and nautical almanac to locate his ship "Tarkio." He told me that A. M. Cox was wireless operator on his ship, and was doing well in the world of electricity.

I arrived safely at Liverpool, and had my baggage transferred to a hotel. A small placard at the door informed me that J. B. Whitman was going to deliver an address that night. John had become an important factor in educational purposes in that city. He informed me that F. D. Evans and E. G. Edwards occupied a couple of high-priced seats in the Cotton Exchange.

From Liverpool, I proceeded to London. A friend invited me to see one of Shakespeare's tragedies, "Othello," played. Who should be Othello other than J. E. Merchant? "Chunk," with his massive head of hair, was well fitted to play the part.

I visited the British Museum, and found J. D. Stuart a collector and inspector. Little "Jeb" was an artist with his various specimens.

My next move was to Italy, to an Italian province called Monaco, where the famous Monte Carlo is situated. I visited this place, and to my utter amazement found G. T. Hughes presiding over the roulette wheel, and W. J. Brown a large stockholder.

This place not being of much interest to me, I decided to visit the Alps. Who should I find there other than R. R. Mosely, who was there for his health. "Goat" was made a battering ram during Forty-Eight

his football career, consequently was forced to call "time out" and recuperate. He had now become a retired capitalist.

"Practice makes perfect," and by this time the airship was so perfected that it was used as a mode of travel from one country to another. I decided to return in this manner, and sought out the headquarters of the Airship Company. Preparations were made for the travelers, and everything was ready for sailing. The engineer came forth, and was no other than J. C. Hutchison. "Jodie," being of a light nature, had gone into this business. During our trip he told me that H. G. Waters was singing in the Grand Opera Theater as a soloist, and was well known on account of his voice.

We arrived safely at New York. As I passed through the Customs House I found J. C. Cunningham chief inspector, and he was asking questions as natural as ever.

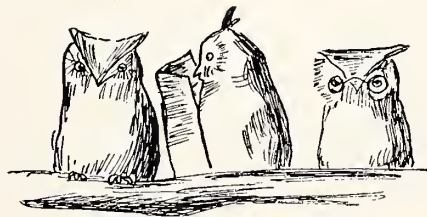
The newsboys everywhere were shouting "Great Divorce Suit! Get an extra, and read about it." I bought one, and found that Mrs. G. G. Marlowe was suing for a divorce. Glen had gotten himself in very serious trouble. Further glancing through the paper I noticed that J. Marion Lanham was editor. Marion had become a marked factor in the newspaper line.

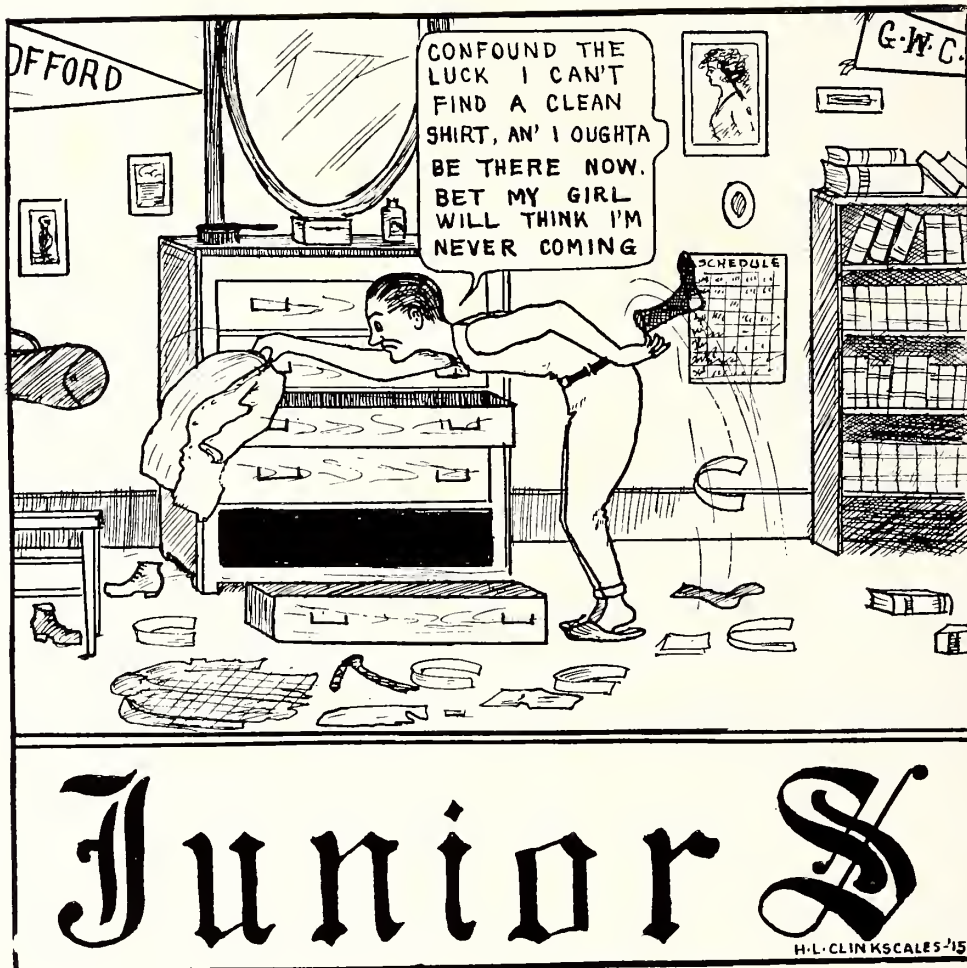
Having three hours to spend before train time, I went out to the University to see a game of basket-ball. The star playing of two men "took my eye," and upon closer observation I found them to be "Chott" Howard and W. W. Steadman. These boys were champions during their college days.

On my way to the station, I found G. W. Wannamaker, Jr. George told me that he was delivering a course of lectures in the various colleges over the North in behalf of the Y. M. C. A. Judging by his career, he had become a great orator, and was doing worlds of good in his line. He told me that C. A. Monroe and J. M. Townsend were partners in a large manufacturing establishment, and had the world's record for putting out ready-to-wear pants in one day.

I boarded the train, and in due time reached South Carolina. My first stop was Spartanburg. As I stepped from the train, I saw J. A. Wolfe perched on a load of cotton with his son, going to market. I stopped him, and in the course of our conversation I found that C. W. Sprott was still visiting the annual "house party" at the Fitting School. Charlie seemed to think that this was his last year.

I bade him farewell, and took my departure for home. I am still heeding the calls of my patients, and as Dr. Holmes humorously says "All fevers thankfully received."







MISS SMITH
SPONSOR

Junior Class



OFFICERS

W. G. RAMSEUR.....	<i>President</i>
J. C. COVINGTON.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
J. W. HARRIS.....	<i>Secretary</i>
W. C. REID.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
	<i>Fifty-One</i>



JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS



JUNIOR CLASS

Junior Class History

ON THE nineteenth of September, 1912, our Class entered Wofford. Very much like all other entering Classes, it was a group of youths—green, timid, and always on the lookout for those horrible Sophomores—beings who, as we imagined them, never did exist. And it was then that we discovered how much really lay between us and our final goal—an education. Above all others, there were three things that we had to confront: that longing for friends and loved ones at home; the Sophomores; and the Faculty. The first of these we overcame in a short while; the others we shunned as much as possible.

Again, on the seventeenth of September, 1913, we entered College, this time as Sophomores. Changed? Well I should say so! Nobody would have thought then that any member of our Class had ever been a Freshman. Yes, we were Sophomores in every sense of the word, and I am sorry to say we felt as all Sophomores do; everything was within our power; there was nothing that we should worry over then. But this year slipped by, and we began to realize that after all it had been "much ado about nothing."

Last September, fully determined to do more and better work than ever, we entered College for the third time. Many of our old friends were missing, and there were a few who came to us from other colleges. The latter we welcome gladly to our Class, and the former, wherever they may be, we wish the greatest success of life.

Up to this time, we have elected the following class officers: FRESHMAN YEAR—C. B. Huff, *President*; C. A. Carter, *Vice-President*; W. G. Ramseur, *Secretary*; M. T. Williams, *Treasurer*. SOPHOMORE YEAR—G. C. Adams, *President*; W. G. Ramseur, *Vice-President*; W. W. Daniel, *Secretary*; C. A. Carter, *Treasurer*. JUNIOR YEAR—W. G. Ramseur, *President*; J. C. Covington, *Vice-President*; J. W. Harris, *Secretary*; W. C. Reid, *Treasurer*.

From the very beginning of our history on this campus, our Class has taken a leading part in athletics, and now, we are proud to say, it stands second to none in this department. Eight of our members played in the opening Varsity football game this year, and one of them—R. L. Osborne—was captain of the team. He has been re-elected for next year.

Our Class may also boast of its orators. It has some who have already gained distinction for themselves and for their Societies, and who may even yet win honors for themselves and their College. In our Freshman and Sophomore Declamation contests, all of the speakers did unusually well. G. W. Palmer won the Freshman medal, and W. G. Ramseur won the Sophomore medal. Two of the Intercollegiate Debaters for this year, viz.: W. G. Ramseur and J. P. Earle, have been selected from our Class.

The year is drawing near to a close now, and it is only a short while till we shall be Seniors. We realize how great will be the responsibility upon us then, and we trust that we may, in every way, live up to the standard established by all preceding Classes. And on that day in June, when our Alma Mater grants us those long-sought-for diplomas, and we are ready to go out into the world, may we be able to look back over our college life without a single regret.

—J. H. HOOD, *Historian*

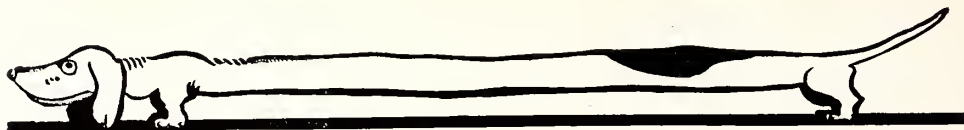
Junior Class

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ROLL

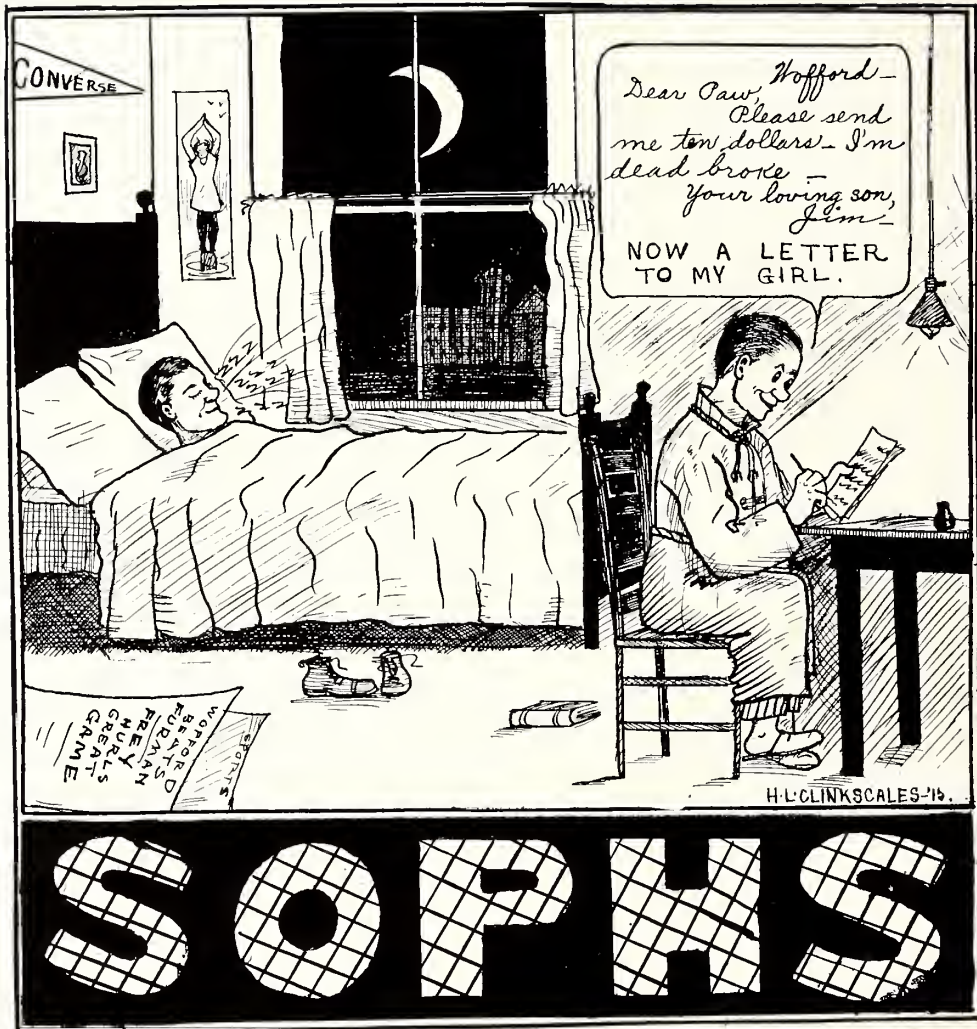
ADAMS, G. C.	McColl, S. C.
BENNETT, J. L., JR.	Clio, S. C.
BEST, R. H.	Pacolet, S. C.
BOWMAN, H. C.	Orangeburg, S. C.
BOYLE, A. B.	Sumter, S. C.
CABRAL, N. V.	Porto Allegro, Brazil
CALHOUN, J. L.	Ninety-Six, S. C.
CANNON, R. C.	Venters, S. C.
CARTER, C. A.	Clifton, S. C.
CARTER, P. T.	Lowreyville, S. C.
CASTLES, J. O.	Smyrna, S. C.
CAUTHAN, J. C.	Dillon, S. C.
COVINGTON, J. C.	Clio, S. C.
CREIGHTON, C. R.	Spartanburg, S. C.
CREWS, W. H.	Spartanburg, S. C.
CUDD, R. L.	Spartanburg, S. C.
DANIEL, W. W.	Columbia College
DARGAN, W. H.	Aiken, S. C.
DAVIS, H. M.	Inman, S. C.
DAVIS, J. A.	Inman, S. C.
DOWLING, E. L.	Darlington, S. C.
DUNBAR, I. D.	Union, S. C.
DUNLAP, S. C.	Union, S. C.
EARLE, J. P.	Spartanburg, S. C.
EDENS, R. M.	Clio, S. C.
EUBANKS, J. E.	Warrenville, S. C.
FAIRY, T. K.	St. Matthews, S. C.
FELKEL, H. E.	Elloree, S. C.
FLETCHER, R. T.	McColl, S. C.
GLEATON, W. D.	St. Matthews, S. C.
GOSNELL, C. B.	Inman, S. C.
GRIFFIN, J. L.	Pinewood, S. C.
HALL, N. A.	Manning, S. C.
HAMER, E. B.	Marion, S. C.
HARRIS, J. W., JR.	Spartanburg, S. C.
HODGES, W. H., JR.	Lake City, S. C.
HOOD, J. H.	Hickory Grove, S. C.

HUFF, O. P.	Laurens, S. C.
HUGHES, B. S.	Venters, S. C.
KIRKWOOD, R. B.	Bennettsville, S. C.
LANGFORD, J. R.	Prosperity, S. C.
LANKFORD, B. C.	Spartanburg, S. C.
McCLIMON, J. S.	Greer, S. C.
McLAUGHLIN, J. M.	Pacolet, S. C.
MONTGOMERY, J. K.	Marion, S. C.
MOODY, H. M.	Kemper, S. C.
MOSELEY, E. F.	Laurens, S. C.
MURPH, J. E.	Whitestone, S. C.
OSBORNE, R. L.	Spartanburg, S. C.
PALMER, G. W.	Pendleton, S. C.
PATE, R.	Clio, S. C.
PATTERSON, R. A.	Spartanburg, S. C.
PRINCE, GEO. E., JR.	Anderson, S. C.
PRUIT, J. C.	Iva, S. C.
RAMSEUR, W. G.	Central, S. C.
REID, T. F.	Rock Hill, S. C.
REID, W. C.	Rock Hill, S. C.
REYNOLDS, J. B.	Lamar, S. C.
SMITH, G. B.	Spartanburg, S. C.
SMITH, R. J.	Orangeburg, S. C.
SPROTT, J. E.	Spartanburg, S. C.
SPROTT, J. M.	Manning, S. C.
SPROTT, J. R.	Manning, S. C.
THOMPSON, J. E.	Lodge, S. C.
TILLINGHAST, D. A.	Spartanburg, S. C.
TYLER, C. J.	Sandersonville, Ga.
WHARTON, W. C.	Columbia, S. C.
WHISNANT, E. D.	Rock Hill, S. C.
WHITESIDES, G. E.	Spartanburg, S. C.
WILLIAMS, J. L. M.	Pauline, S. C.
WILLIAMS, L. D. B.	Conway, S. C.
YEARGIN, L. T.	Gray Court, S. C.
ZIMMERMAN, J. H.	Chappells, S. C.





CIRCUS DAY IN SPARTANBURG





MISS SANDERS
SPONSOR



Sophomore Class



OFFICERS

J. F. HERBERT.....	<i>President</i>
F. A. THOMPSON.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
T. J. WILLIAMSON.....	<i>Secretary</i>
C. E. MORGAN.....	<i>Treasurer</i>

Fifty-Nine



SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomore Class History

ON THE seventeenth day of September, 1913, we, the members of the Class of Nineteen-Seventeen, took a step which is to mean much to us in our future life; how much all depends upon how we spend the rest of our College course. On this day, we attended Wofford Chapel for the first time, and realized what a great task lay before us, when "Clink" arose on the rostrum and said, "Freshmen will take for tomorrow the first 165 pages in Math." We feel sure that during the two years that we have been in school we have made a good start toward success, and we believe that at the end of our fourth year we will look back with pride on our College course. Of the fact that we have made mistakes, and in many cases have been negligent, we are well aware; but yet we believe in fighting to the end, despite the errors of the past.

We started upon our college course 117 strong. The officers for our Freshman year were: *President*, T. H. Glenn; *Vice-President*, J. T. Huggins; *Secretary-Treasurer*, F. F. Roberts; *Historian*, J. F. Herbert. Naturally, since it was our first year here, we did not have the best of athletic teams, but still we are proud of the old Wofford spirit that our teams showed in fighting to the last ditch. The athletic officers were: Football—*Captain*, Brunson; *Manager*, Wharton; Baseball—*Captain*, Wharton; *Manager*, Whitmire; Basket-ball—*Captain*, Wilborn; *Manager*, Thomason. Our Freshman declamation contest we have been told was second to none, and we believe that the speakers of our Class will make names for themselves yet.

We re-entered school, after a long and pleasant vacation, on the sixteenth of September, 1914. How we rejoiced to be Sophomores! No longer would we be called "Rats," and made to wait upon the upper-classmen. We would have our own Freshmen, to move at our beck and call. Never again would we be rolled in the snow by our elders. We would rather have the pleasure of seeing our "rats" suffer what we had undergone a year before.

While we were greeting our classmates in September, we noted with sorrow that about one-third of the faces of our former classmates were absent. We have missed these men sorely during the year, but with the aid of our new members we set to work with a zeal on our Sophomore year. This year, too, has been a great year with us. In athletics, we have done especially well. We contributed six men to the Varsity football squad. Our Class football team, after three hard-fought games, holds the championship of the College. The coaches for the Class team were Moore and "Plug" Osborne. The officers were: *Captain*, Harlee; *Manager*, Osborne. We have good prospects for winning baseball and basket-ball teams.

In oratory, we are doing even as great things as we are doing in athletics. Three of the six speakers for the oratorical contest are from the Class of '17. The speakers for the Sophomore declamation contest are: *Calhoun*, Kinard, H., and Williamson; *Carlisle*, Burgess and Sanders; *Preston*, Morgan and Herbert. We believe that this contest will be even better than our contest last year, and that a bright future awaits the Class of '17.

—T. H. GLENN, *Historian*

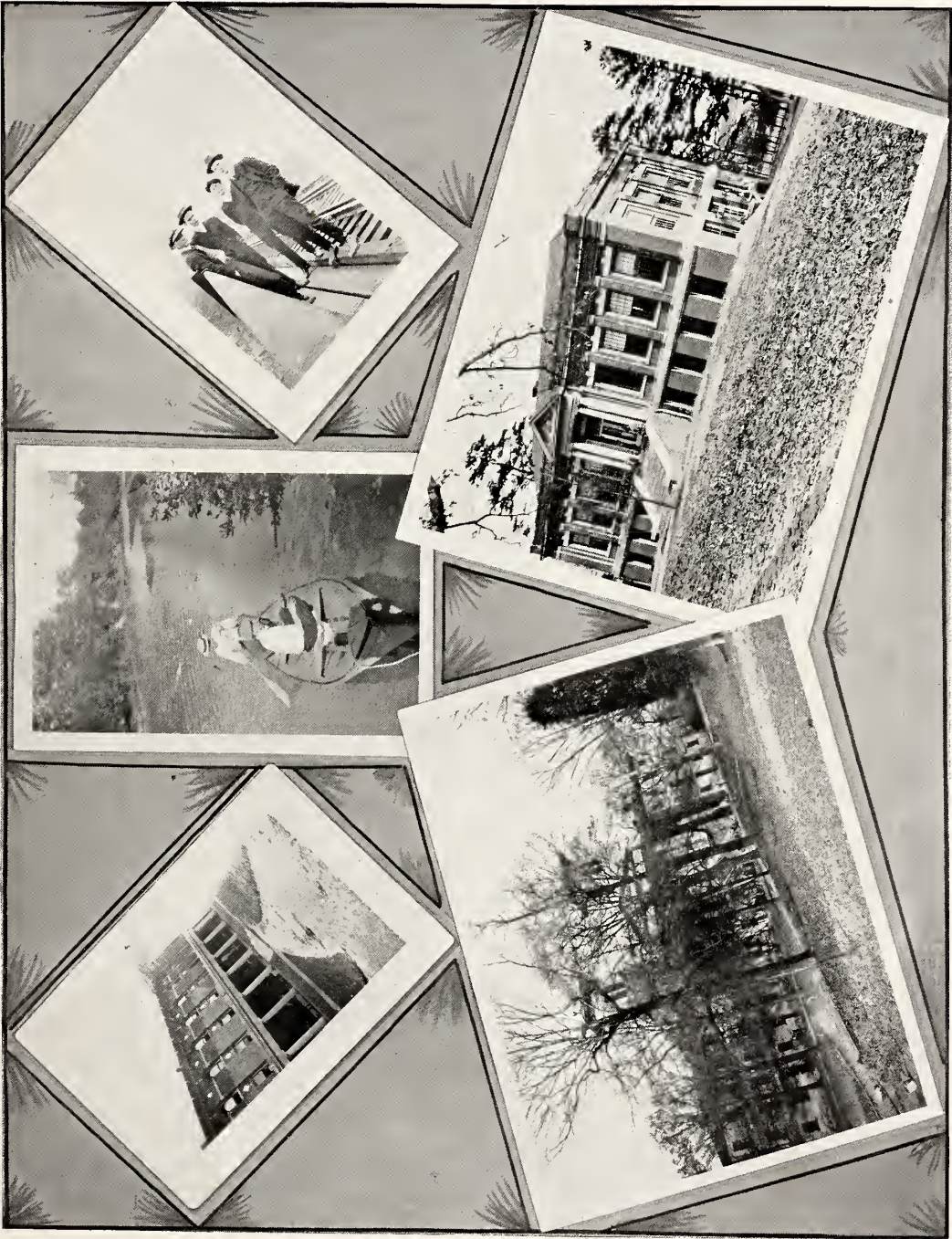
Sophomore Class

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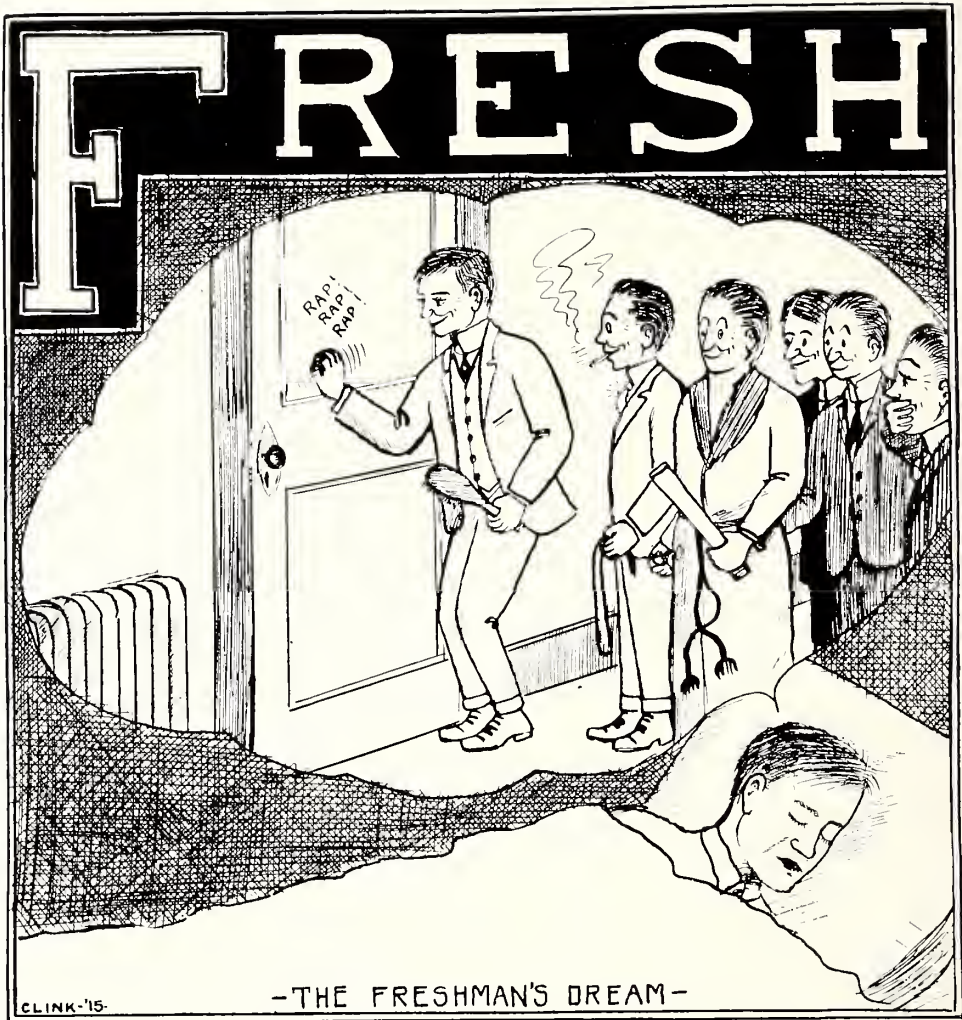
ROLL

ABNEY, J. R.	Greenwood, S. C.
ANDERSON, E. M.	Tucapau, S. C.
BAGWELL, S. R.	Spartanburg, S. C.
BAMBERG, F. M.	Bamberg, S. C.
BENNETT, L. M.	Lancaster, S. C.
BLAIR, L. M.	Blair, S. C.
BOLICK, W. B.	Saluda, N. C.
BOSTICK, F. J.	Pacolet, S. C.
BOULWARE, B. W.	Black Mountain, N. C.
BOWEN, E. T.	Blaney, S. C.
BREEDEN, D. C.	Bennettsville, S. C.
BROWNING, C. W.	Ridgeville, S. C.
BRUNSON, G. W.	Spartanburg, S. C.
BURGESS, R. B.	Ashburn, Ga.
BURNETT, J. J.	Spartanburg, S. C.
BYRUM, R. H.	Columbia, S. C.
CARLISLE, H. B., JR.	Spartanburg, S. C.
CATES, R. Z.	Spartanburg, S. C.
CAUTHEN, C. E.	Dillon, S. C.
CHENAULT, F. L.	Anderson, S. C.
CLARKSON, C. A.	Heinemann, S. C.
COLLINS, R. L.	Spartanburg, S. C.
DANIEL, J. M.	Union, S. C.
DANTZLER, F. N.	Parlor, S. C.
DANTZLER, M. O.	Parlor, S. C.
DAVIS, G. L.	Gibson, N. C.
DUNOVANT, R. G. M.	Edgefield, S. C.
EARLE, T. M.	Spartanburg, S. C.
EDWARDS, J. S.	Greer, S. C.
FOLK, J. W.	Bamberg, S. C.
FULLER, J. A.	Laurens, S. C.
GARRISON, E. K.	Anderson, S. C.
GLENN, T. H.	Chester, S. C.
GOODYEAR, V. S.	Nicholls, S. C.
HARLEE, J. M.	Florence, S. C.
HARMON, W.	McCormick, S. C.
HENRY, C.	Spartanburg, S. C.
HERBERT, J. F.	Spartanburg, S. C.
HERRING, J. W.	Spartanburg, S. C.

HINES, W. E.	Spartanburg, S. C.
HUGGINS, J. T.	Nicholls, S. C.
HUGHES, R. A.	Union, S. C.
JORDAN, F. A.	Lamar, S. C.
JUDY, M. S.	St. George, S. C.
KELLY, SAM	Spartanburg, S. C.
KINARD, H. B.	Epworth, S. C.
KINARD, J. Q.	Epworth, S. C.
LEDBETTER, S. E.	Spartanburg, S. C.
LEWIS, C. A.	Columbia, S. C.
LIGON, L. M.	Anderson, S. C.
LIGON, W. P.	Spartanburg, S. C.
McMILLAN, W. L.	Spartanburg, S. C.
MITCHELL, W. H.	Spartanburg, S. C.
MONTGOMERY, A. W.	Spartanburg, S. C.
MOORE, R. H.	Cowpens, S. C.
MOORE, R. S.	Moors, S. C.
MORGAN, C. E.	Central, S. C.
NESBITT, J. C.	Spartanburg, S. C.
OSBORNE, L. G.	Spartanburg, S. C.
RAST, W. C.	Swansea, S. C.
REMBERT, R. H.	Sumter, S. C.
RHOAD, W. D., JR.	Bamberg, S. C.
ROBERTS, F. F.	Latta, S. C.
RUPLE, M. T.	Orangeburg, S. C.
SANDERS, H. W.	Rock Hill, S. C.
SHEIDER, R. S.	St. George, S. C.
SHERIDAN, W. M.	Spartanburg, S. C.
SIMMONS, G. E.	Spartanburg, S. C.
SMITH, J. S.	Lowndsville, S. C.
SNOW, D. A.	Reidsville, S. C.
STABLER, L. B.	St. Matthews, S. C.
STILLWELL, J. R.	McCormick, S. C.
STONE, M. C.	Spartanburg, S. C.
THOMAS, P.	Spartanburg, S. C.
THOMPSON, F. A.	Conway, S. C.
TURNER, H. G.	Spartanburg, S. C.
WALKER, J. A., JR.	Spartanburg, S. C.
WANNAMAKER, E. I., JR.	Orangeburg, S. C.
WHETSELL, G. I.	Bowman, S. C.
WHITE, R. K.	Spartanburg, S. C.
WHITMIRE, W. C.	Brevard, N. C.
WIGGINS, J. E.	Holly Hill, S. C.
WILLIAMS, L. L.	Glen Springs, S. C.
WILLIAMSON, T. J.	Ninety-Six, S. C.
WOOD, H.	Spartanburg, S. C.
WOODS, J.	Spartanburg, S. C.
YARBOROUGH, M. J.	Saluda, N. C.
ZIMMERMAN, R. C.	Duncan, S. C.



SCRAPS





MISS BROWN
SPONSOR

Freshman Class



OFFICERS

JAMES EDENS BARRENTINE.....*President*

ROBERT H. LAWTON.....*Vice-President*

R. N. MARTIN.....*Secretary and Treasurer*

W. C. HOLROYD.....*Historian*

Sixty-Seven



FRESHMAN CLASS OFFICERS



FRESHMAN CLASS

Freshman Class History

ON THE morning of September 16, the old college bell ushered in a new scholastic year, and a new experience in our lives. The bell, as it swung to and fro, seemed to mock us in our thoughts. It seemed to be telling to us the sad reality that we were no more "mamma's boys," to be petted, but men, here to prepare for the battles of life.

We entered the old Chapel Hall with a feeling of pride to know that we were now a part of this institution; also to know that we were college men. A feeling of responsibility seemed to be placed upon our young shoulders. Not only did the feeling of responsibility come to our minds, but also the acknowledgment of the fact that we had to meet these responsibilities in order to win.

On account of the effect produced on the South by the war, our Class was not as large as previous ones; but what we lacked in quantity we made up in quality.

Most of us knew, the day we arrived, how many months, weeks, days, and even minutes, there were before Christmas. Some had figured it to the seconds. Finally, the long-looked-for holidays came and went, taking with them a few boys from our Class. It was rather hard to come back after the holidays, and get down to work for examinations, but finally, for all things have an end, they were past and forgotten. They came; we saw; both conquered.

Soon after our arrival, we elected the following Class officers: J. E. Barrentine, *President*; R. H. Lawton, *Vice-President*; R. W. Martin, *Secretary and Treasurer*; W. C. Holroyd, *Historian*.

The Freshman Exhibition speakers were chosen as follows: *Calhoun Society*, J. E. Barrentine and W. C. Holroyd; *Carlisle*, G. D. Sanders and C. Henry; *Preston*, F. L. Fitzsimmons and J. C. Fowler.

When the smoke from the battlefield of athletics had blown away, the tallies remained. We find the Freshman Class far from the bottom. In all phases of athletics this year, our teams did great work, and were a credit to our Class.

The managers and captains of the different teams were as follows: Football—*Manager*, H. W. Glanz; *Captain*, S. W. Barber; Baseball—*Manager*, J. H. Porter; *Captain*, W. Eaddy; Basket-ball—*Manager*, S. J. Bethen, Jr.; *Captain*, O. V. Johnson.

Summarizing, the past year has been one of hard work, intertwined with some genuine pleasure. We were entertained several times with receptions given in our honor, which were greatly enjoyed by us all.

We now dedicate this space to the coming Freshman Class. Our Freshman days are gone, and Sophomore life will soon be here. Two more years yet stare us in the face before we are Seniors. Let us strive together now, while these years are still in the future, and establish a record and a name for the Class of '18, which will always be remembered.

Freshman Class

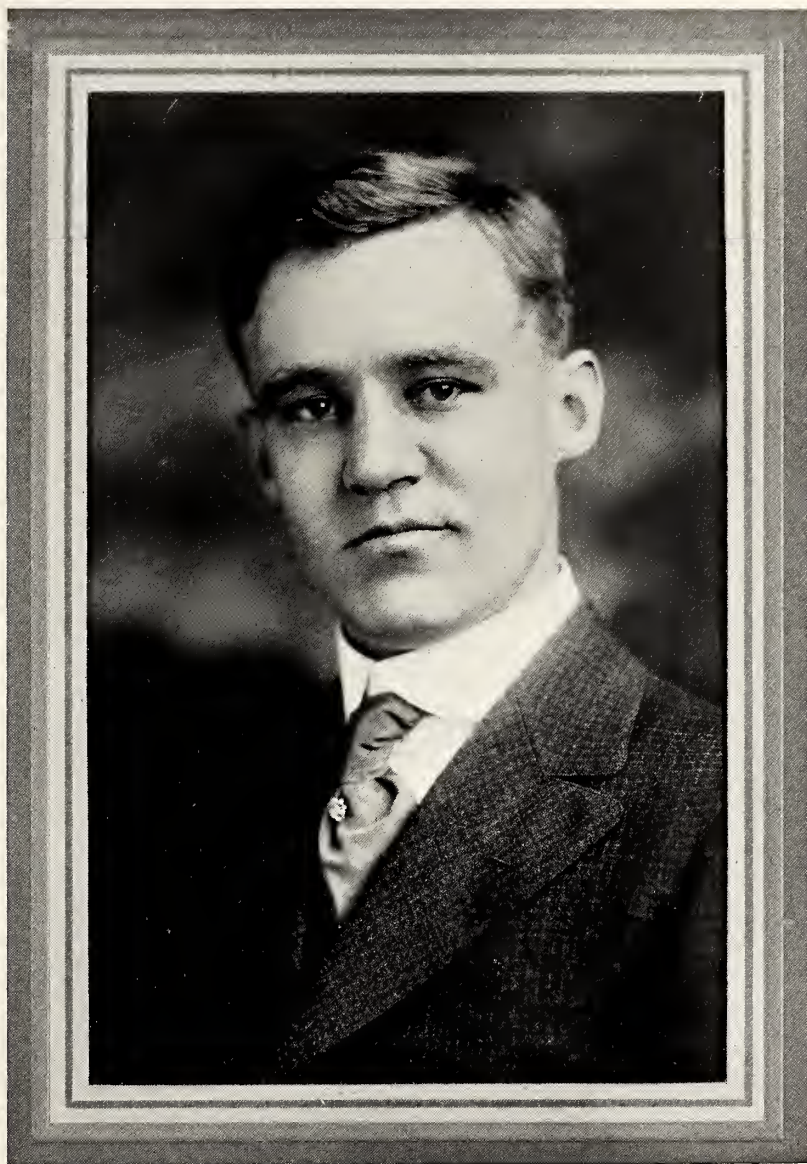
†

ROLL

ACKERMAN, C. K.	Cottageville, S. C.
ACKERMAN, R. E.	Cottageville, S. C.
ALMAN, W. W.	Jonesville, S. C.
BARBER, S. W.	Rock Hill, S. C.
BARRENTINE, J. E.	Clio, S. C.
BETHEA, S. J., JR.	Lynchburg, S. C.
BISHOPS, E. O.	Spartanburg, S. C.
BREEDEN, EUGENE	McColl, S. C.
BULLINGTON, H. E.	Spartanburg, S. C.
BURNETT, W. E.	Spartanburg, S. C.
BURNSIDE, A. F.	Lykesland, S. C.
COOLEY, W.	Leesville, S. C.
COUSINS, BERTRAM	Spartanburg, S. C.
CHANDLER, S. R.	Lake City, S. C.
DANIELS, VERNON	Spartanburg, S. C.
DEAL, J. C.	Laurens, S. C.
DUKES, G. W.	Rowesville, S. C.
EADDY, W.	Lake City, S. C.
EASTERLING, W. E.	Bennettsville, S. C.
FERGUSON, J. G.	Bascomville, S. C.
FINCH, A. C.	Spartanburg, S. C.
FITZSIMMONS, F. L.	Spartanburg, S. C.
FLOWERS, J. R.	Andrews, S. C.
FLOYD, H. B.	Floyd Dale, S. C.
FOUCHE, L. W.	Greenwood, S. C.
FOWLER, J. C.	Wilkinsville, S. C.
FREY, G. B.	Fairforest, S. C.
FRIDAY, W. C.	Whitmire, S. C.
GARDNER, S. P.	Pelion, S. C.
GIBSON, N. W.	McColl, S. C.
GLANZ, H. W.	Georgetown, S. C.
GOLDMAN, J. S.	Leesville, S. C.
GRIFFITH, T. T.	Gaffney, S. C.

HAMMOND, ARTHUR	Spartanburg, S. C.
HART, HUTSON	Holly Hill, S. C.
HENRY, CHARLES	Spartanburg, S. C.
HENRY, H. M.	Cowpens, S. C.
HOLLAND, J. I.	Liberty, S. C.
HOLROYD, W. C.	Rock Hill, S. C.
HOOD, E. C.	Hickory Grove, S. C.
HORTON, J. P.	Kershaw, S. C.
HUTTO, R. E.	Spartanburg, S. C.
JOHNSON, C. B.	Williston, S. C.
JOHNSON, J. B.	Spartanburg, S. C.
JOHNSON, O. V.	Spartanburg, S. C.
JONES, A. J.	Walterboro, S. C.
JONES, W. R.	Congaree, S. C.
KEATON, A. H.	Abbeville, S. C.
KING, K. Z.	Hartsville, S. C.
KIRBY, E. L.	Converse, S. C.
LANHAM, J. C.	Spartanburg, S. C.
LAWTON, R. H.	Vance, S. C.
MARTIN, R. W.	Spartanburg, S. C.
MAXWELL, F. L.	Simpsonville, S. C.
McCRAVY, J. D.	Spartanburg, S. C.
MOORE, D. L.	Dillon, S. C.
MOSS, J. M.	Walhalla, S. C.
PEARCE, E. T.	Boykins, S. C.
PEARSON, M. C.	Spartanburg, S. C.
PEDEN, H. B.	Fountain Inn, S. C.
PELL, EDWARD	Spartanburg, S. C.
PORTER, J. H.	Leo, S. C.
SANDERS, G. D.	Pageland, S. C.
SHIELDS, L. G.	Hobgood, S. C.
SMITH, W. B.	Duncan, S. C.
SPROTT, C. R., JR.	Manning, S. C.
SUTTON, D. R.	Glendale, S. C.
SUYDAM, T. H.	Congaree, S. C.
THOMAS, B. B.	Olanta, S. C.
USHER, A. M.	Clio, S. C.
WALLACE, J. S.	Yorkville, S. C.
WALLACE, W. H.	Sumter, S. C.
WHITEHEAD, B. J.	Jonesville, S. C.
WHITE, J. B.	Troy, S. C.
WILLIAMS, PORTER	Charleston, S. C.





CURTIS L. McCoy
PHYSICAL DIRECTOR AND HEAD COACH

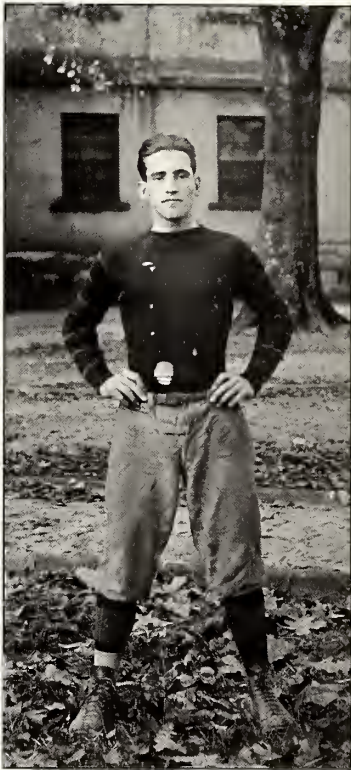




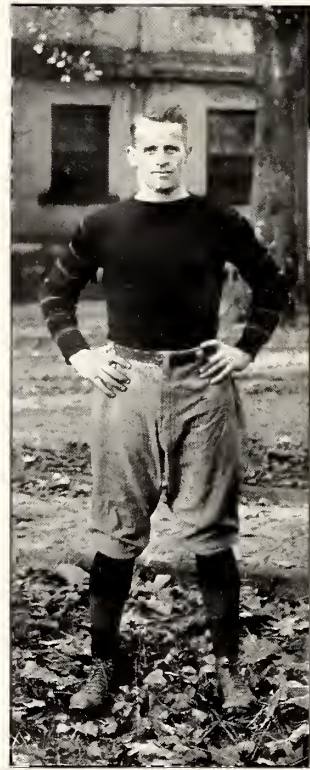
MISS BRUNSON
MISS BROWN MISS SIMPSON
MISS OSBORNE
SPONSORS



E. F. LUCAS
MANAGER



RUT. L. OSBORNE
CAPTAIN











JOHN D. MILLS, JR.
ASSISTANT COACH



VARSITY FOOTBALL SQUAD—LUCAS, *Manager*; OSBORNE, R., *Captain*; MILLS, *Assistant Coach*; MCCOY, *Head Coach*;
 WILLIAMS, M., WHITESIDES, WHARTON, COVINGTON, WILLIAMS, P., STUCKEY, RILEY, FELKEL, MELVIN, HAMER, REID, GLENN,
 MOORE, R. H., FRUITT, SPROTT, HUGGINS, MONTGOMERY, MOORE, D. L., OSBORNE, L. G., SANDERS, HARLEE.

			
-SPROTT- HALF BACK AND END	- L. OSBORNE- QUARTER BACK	-WILLIAMS- HALF BACK	-WHITESIDE- GUARD
			
-PRUITT- TACKLE	- MOORE- GUARD AND END	- R. OSBORNE- QUARTER BACK - CAPTAIN -	- MELVIN - END

VARSIITY FOOTBALL TEAM

			
-HAMER- CENTER	-REID- GUARD	-COVINGTON- HALF BACK	-SANDERS- HALF BACK
			
-MOSELEY- HALF BACK AND FULL BACK	-GLENN- END	-STUCKEY- TACKLE	-FREY- FULL BACK

VARSIITY FOOTBALL TEAM



SENIOR FOOTBALL TEAM



Senior Football Team

HUTCHISON (Captain).....Quarterback			
KENNEY	Center	BROADWAY	Left End
BROWN	Right Guard	HERBERT	Left End
TOWNSEND	Right Guard	STUART	Left End
JORDAN	Left Guard	DUKES	Right Halfback
MARLOWE	Right Tackle	HOWARD	Right Halfback
LE GETTE	Left Tackle	RAYSOR	Left Halfback
McFALL	Right End	BLACKMON	Fullback
SPROTT	Right End	PERRY	Fullback
COX		}	Substitutes
HOLMAN			

Eighty



JUNIOR FOOTBALL TEAM



Junior Football Team

J. R. LANGFORD.....		<i>Captain and End</i>	
H. M. DAVIS.....	<i>Center</i>	J. M. McLAUGHLIN.....	<i>End</i>
W. D. GLEATON.....	<i>Guard</i>	R. J. SMITH.....	<i>End</i>
T. F. REID.....	<i>Guard</i>	J. E. SPROTT.....	<i>End</i>
J. E. THOMPSON.....	<i>Guard</i>	H. C. BOWMAN.....	<i>Quarterback</i>
L. B. D. WILLIAMS.....	<i>Guard</i>	R. B. KIRKWOOD.....	<i>Quarterback</i>
A. B. BOYLE.....	<i>Tackle</i>	R. C. CANNON.....	<i>Halfback</i>
O. P. HUFF.....	<i>Tackle</i>	H. M. MOODY.....	<i>Halfback</i>
J. R. SPROTT.....	<i>Tackle</i>	NAT CABRAL.....	<i>Fullback</i>
W. C. WHARTON.....	<i>Tackle</i>	H. E. FELKEL.....	<i>Fullback</i>
J. P. EARLE.....	<i>End</i>	R. PATE.....	<i>Fullback</i>
RUT OSBORNE.....		<i>Manager and Coach</i>	



SOPHOMORE FOOTBALL TEAM



Sophomore Football Team

Champions

HARLEE (Captain)Quarterback	
OSBORNEManager and Coach	WANNAMAKER Right End
MOORE Coach	CATES End
ABNEY Center	WHITMIRE End
BAMBERG Right Guard	BOWEN Left End
HERRING Right Guard	CAUTHEN Left End
KINARD Left Guard	BRUNSON Quarterback
LIGON Left Guard	KINARD Right Halfback
RUPLE Left Guard	BROWNING Left Halfback
SMITH Left Guard	BYRUM Left Halfback
WILLIAMSON Right Tackle	KELLY Left Halfback
BREEDEN Left Tackle	ROBERTS Fullback
Eighty-Two	



FRESHMAN FOOTBALL TEAM



Freshman Football Team

BARBER *Captain and Quarterback*

COVINGTON	<i>Coach</i>	PEARSON	<i>Tackle</i>
MELVIN	<i>Coach</i>	FITZSIMMONS	<i>End</i>
WALLACE	<i>Center</i>	GIBSON	<i>End</i>
BURNSIDE	<i>Guard</i>	BARRENTINE	<i>Halfback</i>
FLOWERS	<i>Guard</i>	EASTERLING	<i>Halfback</i>
FLOYD	<i>Guard</i>	BETHEA	<i>Substitute</i>
HENRY	<i>Guard</i>	DIAL	<i>Substitute</i>
FERGUSON	<i>Tackle</i>	LANHAM	<i>Substitute</i>
KING	<i>Tackle</i>	PORTER	<i>Substitute</i>

GLANZ.....*Manager and Fullback*

Eighty-Three





Miss Cox
SPONSOR



Miss Frey
SPONSOR



E. F. LUCAS
MANAGER



J. R. FREY
CAPTAIN



VARSITY BASEBALL TEAM—*Top Row*: McCoy (Coach), Holroyd, Moore, Morgan, Eaddy, Cauthen, Moore, Lucas
 (Manager). *Middle Row*: Osborne, L. G., Bamberg, Boulware, Brunson, Cauthen, Wiggins. *Bottom Row*: Kelley, Osborne,
 R. L. (Acting Captain), Lawton.



SENIOR BASEBALL SQUAD



Senior Baseball Squad

EVANS (Captain)..... <i>Pitcher</i>	
PERRY <i>Pitcher</i>	COX <i>Left Field</i>
BROWN <i>Catcher</i>	LE GETTE <i>Left Field</i>
KING <i>Catcher</i>	McFALL <i>Left Field</i>
RILEY <i>First Base</i>	WOLFE, J. A..... <i>Left Field</i>
KEARSE <i>Second Base</i>	MARLOWE <i>Center Field</i>
STUART <i>Shortstop</i>	WOLFE, J. S..... <i>Center Field</i>
HERBERT <i>Third Base</i>	DUKES <i>Right Field</i>
HUTCHISON <i>Third Base</i>	RAYSOR <i>Right Field</i>
FREY <i>Manager</i>	



JUNIOR BASEBALL TEAM



Junior Baseball Team

J. C. PRUITT.....*Captain and Catcher*

RUT OSBORNE*Coach*

W. G. RAMSEUR.....*Second Base*

C. B. GOSNEL.....*Pitcher*

N. V. CABRAL.....*Shortstop*

W. C. WHARTON.....*Pitcher*

R. B. KIRKWOOD.....*Third Base*

O. P. HUFF.....*Catcher*

J. L. BENNETT.....*Left Field*

A. B. BOYLE.....*First Base*

H. C. BOWMAN.....*Left Field*

J. C. CAUTHEN.....*First Base*

E. HORNER.....*Center Field*

R. PATE.....*First Base*

D. A. TILLINGHAST.....*Center Field*

W. D. DARGAN.....*Second Base*

J. M. McLAUGHLIN.....*Right Field*

J. P. EARLE.....*Second Base*

G. B. SMITH.....*Right Field*

R. N. EDENS*Manager*



SOPHOMORE BASEBALL TEAM



Sophomore Baseball Team

MOORE (Captain) <i>First Base</i>			
BAMBERG	<i>Pitcher</i>	OSBORNE	<i>Shortstop</i>
BOULWARE	<i>Pitcher</i>	BROWNING	<i>Third Base</i>
BRUNSON	<i>Catcher</i>	KELLY	<i>Third Base</i>
WIGGINS	<i>Catcher</i>	BOLICK	<i>Left Field</i>
CAUTHEN	<i>Second Base</i>	DAVIS	<i>Left Field</i>
ROBERTS	<i>Second Base</i>	HARLEE	<i>Right Field</i>
MORGAN	<i>Shortstop</i>	WOOD	<i>Right Field</i>
HUGGINS (Manager)..... <i>Center Field</i>			



FRESHMAN BASEBALL TEAM



Freshman Baseball Team

EADDY *Captain and Pitcher*

MOORE *Catcher*

HOLROYD *Left Field*

MOSS *First Base*

BARRENTINE *Center Field*

GIBSON *Second Base*

DUKES *Right Field*

ACKERMAN *Shortstop*

FOUCHE *Substitute*

FRIDAY *Third Base*

JONES *Substitute*

PORTER *Manager*

Ninety-One





Miss DuPré
SPONSOR



Miss BURNETT
SPONSOR



J. M. TOWNSEND
MANAGER



J. P. EARLE
CAPTAIN



Varsity Basket-Ball Team

EARLE (Captain).....*Forward*

McCoy	<i>Coach</i>	HARRIS	<i>Guard</i>
COLLINS	<i>Center</i>	HINES	<i>Guard</i>
ANDERSON	<i>Forward</i>	PATTERSON	<i>Guard</i>
HOWARD	<i>Forward</i>	STEADMAN	<i>Guard</i>
JOHNSON	<i>Forward</i>	TURNER	<i>Guard</i>

TOWNSEND (Manager)*Guard*



Varsity Basketball Team



SENIOR BASKET-BALL TEAM



Senior Basket-Ball Team

STUCKEY (Captain) <i>Forward</i>	
PERRY (Manager) <i>Center</i>	WATERS <i>Forward</i>
RILEY <i>Center</i>	BROWN <i>Guard</i>
FREY <i>Forward</i>	GORDON <i>Guard</i>
HERBERT <i>Forward</i>	LEGETTE <i>Guard</i>
HOWARD <i>Forward</i>	WHITAKER <i>Guard</i>
McFALL <i>Forward</i>	WOLFE <i>Guard</i>
Ninety-Six	



JUNIOR BASKET-BALL TEAM



Junior Basket-Ball Team

RUT. OSBORNE (Captain).....		Guard
R. J. SMITH.....	Manager	C. B. GOSNELGuard
J. W. HARRIS	Center	A. B. BOYLE.....Substitute
B. C. LANGFORD	Forward	NAT CABRAL
R. A. PATTERSON	Forward	J. C. CAUTHENSubstitute
C. B. HAMER.....		Substitute



SOPHOMORE BASKET-BALL TEAM



Sophomore Basket-Ball Team

COLLINS (Captain) -----		Center	
CAUTHEN -----	Forward	HINES -----	Guard
OSBORNE -----	Forward	HUGGINS -----	Guard
TURNER -----	Forward	KINARD -----	Guard
BURNETT -----	Guard	WIGGINS (Manager) -----	Guard
Ninety-Eight			



FRESHMAN BASKET-BALL TEAM



Freshman Basket-Ball Team

JOHNSON, O. V. (Captain)..... <i>Forward</i>			
EARLE	<i>Coach</i>	JOHNSON, J. B.....	<i>Forward</i>
FLOYD	<i>Center</i>	WALLACE	<i>Forward</i>
WHITEHEAD	<i>Center</i>	ALMAN	<i>Guard</i>
BETHEA (Manager)	<i>Forward</i>	COOLEY	<i>Guard</i>
HUTTO	<i>Forward</i>	MAXWELL	<i>Guard</i>

Ninety-Nine



J. J. RILEY
CAPTAIN

Cne Hundred



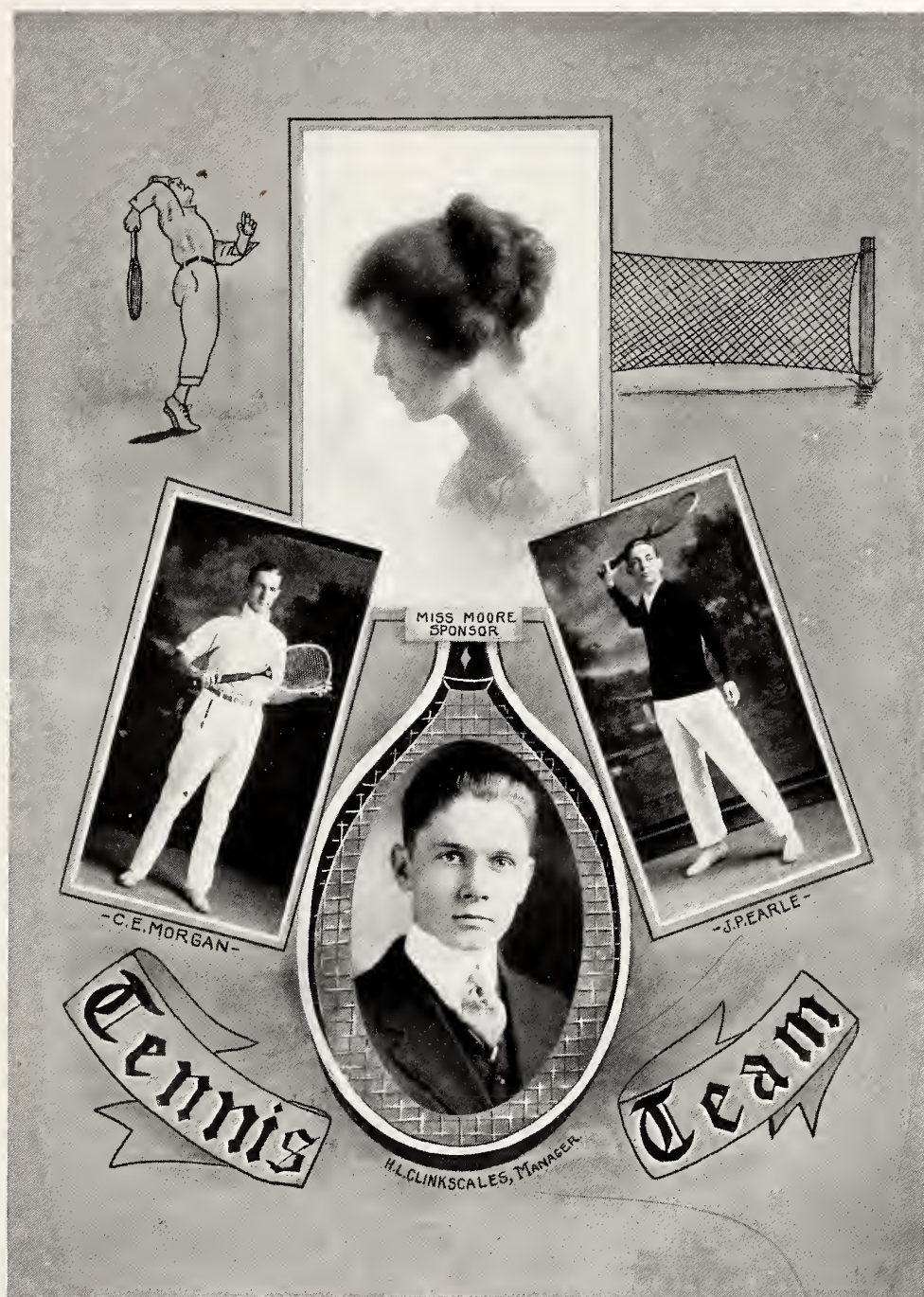
G. W. WANNAMAKER, JR.
MANAGER



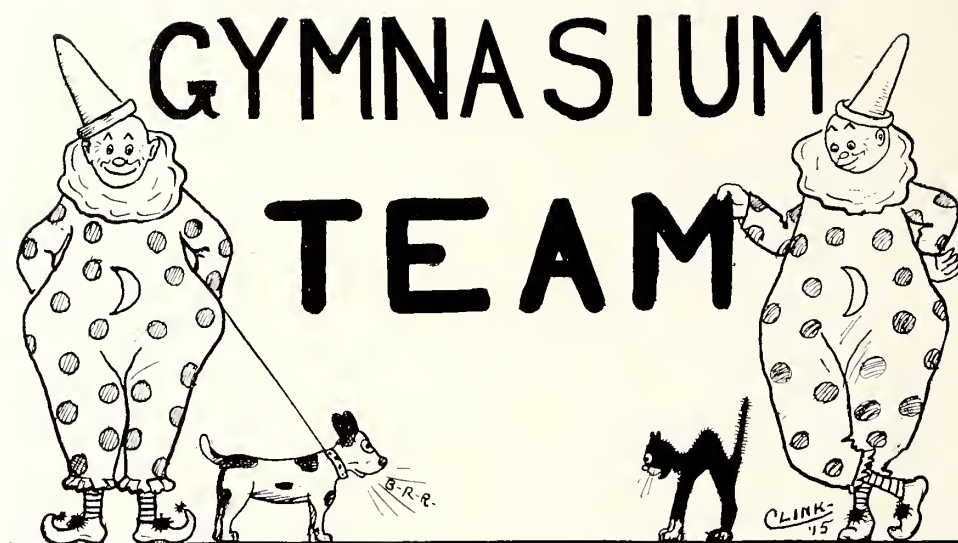
MISS DAVIS
SPONSOR



VARSITY TRACK TEAM—*Top Row:* Manager, G. W. WANNAMAKER, JR., J. C. CAUTHEN, C. W. BROWNING, T. M. EARLE,
 Captain, JOHN J. RILEY, R. L. COLLINS, C. E. MORGAN, J. S. EDWARDS, PAUL WHITAKER, Coach, C. L. MCCOY. *Bottom Row:* R.
 T. CATES, PORTER WILLIAMS, R. T. FLETCHER, W. H. WALLACE, E. F. MOSELEY, J. C. FOWLER, W. H. SANDERS, E. J. WANN-
 MAKER, W. E. BREEDEN, J. M. HARLEE.



C. E. MORGAN, Representative in Singles and Doubles
J. P. EARLE, Representative in Doubles



W. W. DANIEL
MANAGER

One Hundred Four



J. B. WHITMAN
CAPTAIN



GYMNASIUM TEAM—W. W. DANIEL, *Manager*; J. B. WHITMAN, *Captain*; T. M. EARLE, R. L. COLLINS, J. W. HARRIS,
R. A. PATTERSON, H. C. WATERS, F. M. BUTLER



CARLISLE MEMORIAL HALL

BOOK 3

Organizations



STUDENT-BODY OFFICERS



Student-Body Officers

J. J. RILEY.....	<i>President</i>
W. G. RAMSEUR.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
J. T. HUGGINS.....	<i>Secretary</i>
W. W. DANIEL	<i>Treasurer</i>



OFFICERS

DR. H. N. SNYDER.....*President*
 DR. C. B. WALLER.....*Vice-President*
 J. J. RILEY.....*Secretary*



MEMBERS

ADAMS, G. C.	HARRIS, J. W.	OSBORNE, R. L.
BARRENTINE, J. E.	HAYNES, H. G.	RAMSEUR, W. G.
BROWN, W. J.	HERBERT, J. F.	RILEY, J. J.
CLINKSCALES, H. L.	KEARSE, J. C.	STUCKEY, R. C.
COVINGTON, J. C.	KING, C. E.	THOMPSON, F. A.
DUKES, H. N.	LAWTON, R. H.	TOWNSEND, J. M.
EDWARDS, E. G.	LUCAS, E. F.	WANNAMAKER, G. W., JR.
FAIREY, T. K.	MANNING, H.	WATERS, H. G.
FREY, J. R.	MELVIN, W.	WHITMAN, J. B.
	MOSELEY, E. F.	



WOFFORD COLLEGE COUNCIL

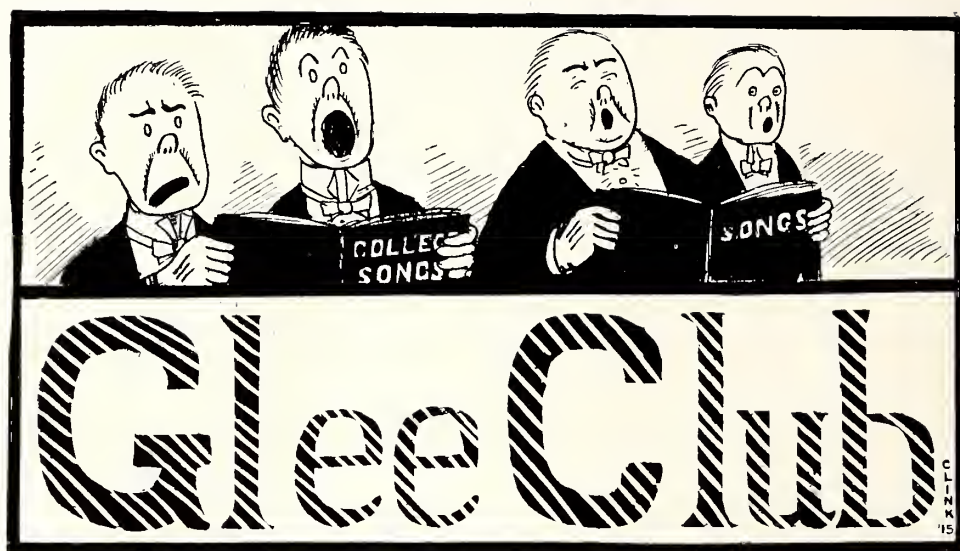


DR. J. G. CLINKSCALES.....	President
PROF. E. H. SHULER.....	Vice-President
J. J. RILEY.....	Secretary
E. F. LUCAS.....	Manager Football
R. L. OSBORNE.....	Captain Football
E. F. LUCAS.....	Manager Baseball
J. R. FREY.....	Captain Baseball
J. M. TOWNSEND.....	Manager Basket-ball
J. P. EARLE.....	Captain Basket-ball
H. L. CLINKSCALES.....	Manager Tennis
G. W. WANNAMAKER.....	Manager Track
J. J. RILEY.....	Captain Track
W. MELVIN.....	Senior Representative
R. T. FLETCHER.....	Junior Representative
R. H. MOORE.....	Sophomore Representative
P. WILLIAMS	Freshman Representative

One Hundred Ten



ATHLETIC ADVISORY BOARD



OFFICERS

PROF. E. H. SHULER.....	<i>President</i>
JNO. B. WHITMAN.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
P. WHITAKER.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
H. G. WATERS.....	<i>Business Manager</i>
E. B. HAMER.....	<i>Assistant Manager</i>
EDMON MORRIS.....	<i>Director</i>



PERSONNEL

First Tenor

J. M. LANHAM B. W. McCRAVY T. F. REID E. D. WHISONANT

Second Tenor

G. E. PRINCE S. R. SCHEIDER R. J. SMITH

First Bass

M. PEARSON H. G. WATERS JNO. B. WHITMAN

Second Bass

H. C. BOWMAN W. HODGES W. C. WHARTON



QUARTET

W. HODGES B. W. McCRAVY G. E. PRINCE H. G. WATERS

One Hundred Twelve



ELMON MORRIS
DIRECTOR



H. C. WATERS
MANAGER



QUARTET—WHARTON, WATERS, PRINCE, McCRAVY



GLEE CLUB



ORCHESTRA—PAUL WHITAKER, *Manager*; M. COHEN, H. N. DUKES, W. EADDY, J. F. HERBERT, JOHN LANHAM,
DAVID TILLINGHAST, H. G. WATERS, G. E. WHITESIDE

SOCIAL SCIENCE CLUB



OFFICERS

H. MANNING *President*
 G. W. WANNAMAKER, JR. *Vice-President*
 J. P. EARLE *Secretary and Treasurer*



MEMBERS

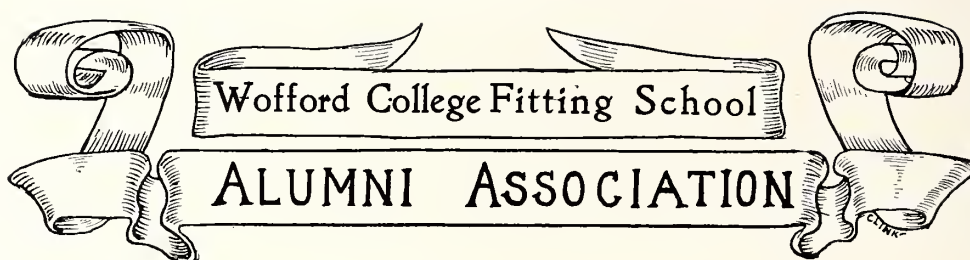
ADAMS, G. C.
 ALMAN, W. W.
 ANDERSON, E. M.
 BEST, R. H.
 BOLICK, M. B.
 BOWEN, E. J.
 BOYLE, A. B.
 BROWN, W. J.
 CABRAL, NATHAN
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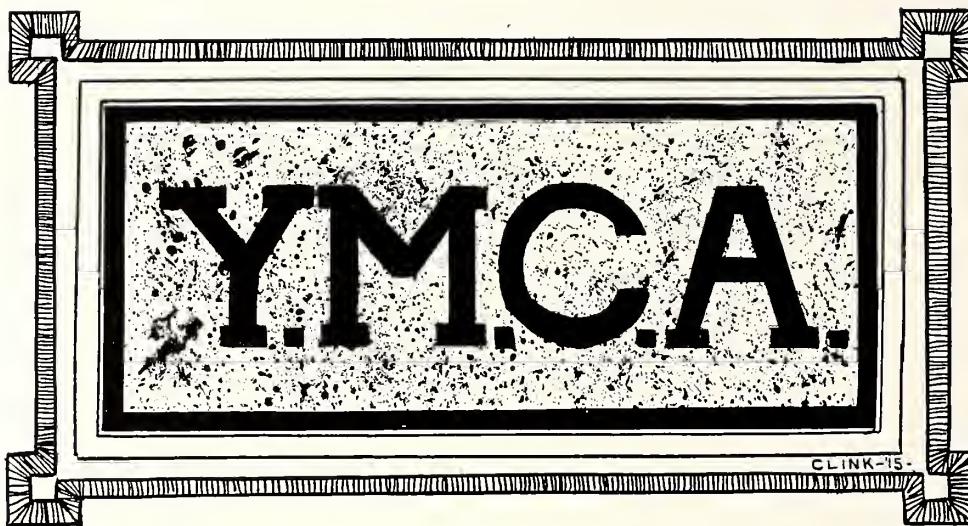
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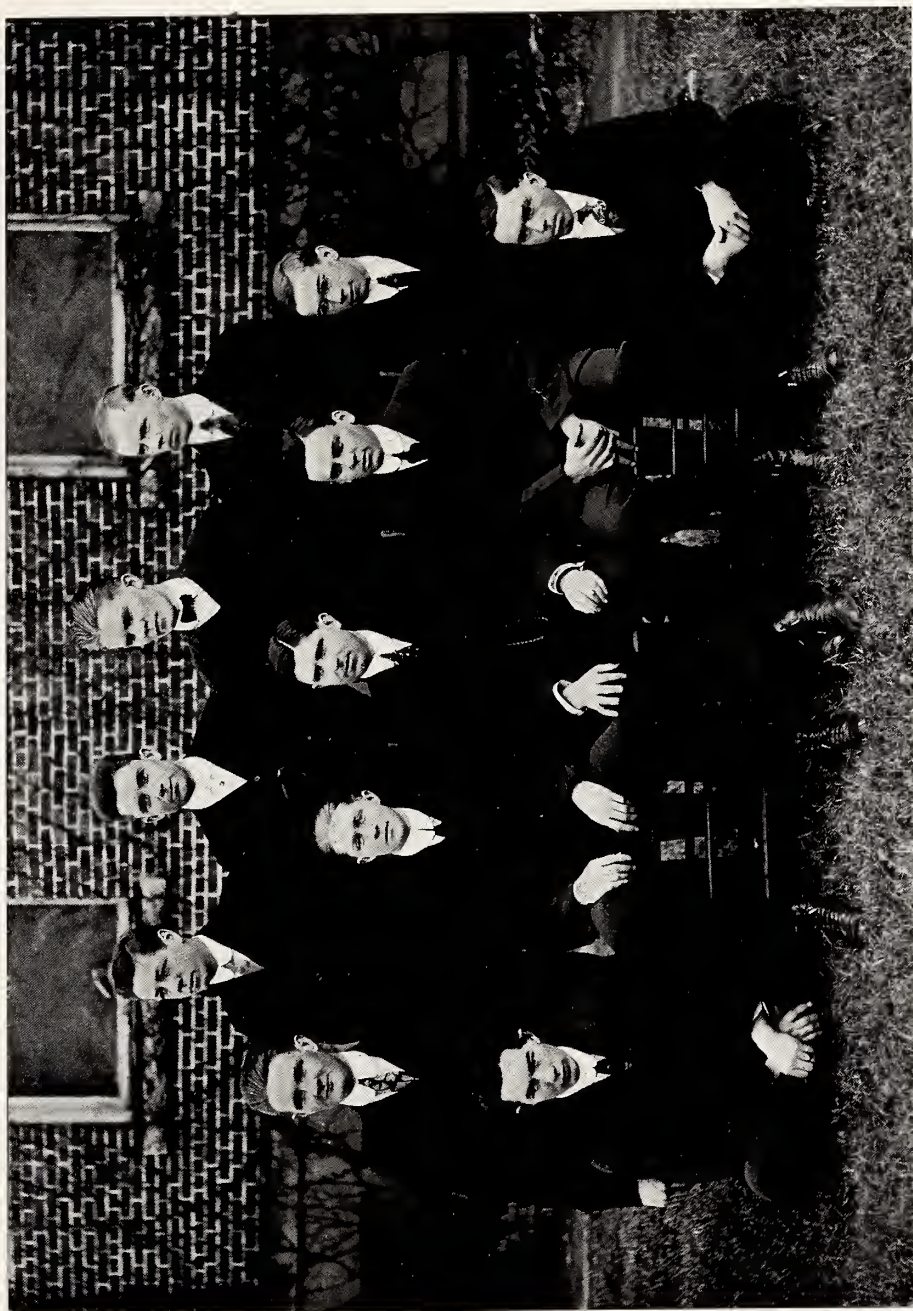
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Y. M. C. A. CABINET

The Young Men's Christian Association

OF ALL the organizations of the campus, the Young Men's Christian Association stands for most in the estimation of the students. The reason of this is that there is no other organization that stands for the universal development of man. Never before have men thought so strongly of the development of the body, mind, and spirit being required to make the ideal man. The Young Men's Christian Association strives to develop these three very essential faculties so that every student will realize their value.

A number of splendid opportunities have come to our campus this year through the efforts of the Association. The first was the State Conference, which met on the Wofford campus, October 14 to 18. Our Association derived great benefit from having a number of splendid young men from the various colleges of the State as its guests during this Convention, and we are sure that the interest in Association work has been stimulated by this Conference. Besides a large number of delegates, a large number of the students also attended the meetings of the Convention.

During the year, a number of noted speakers have visited our Association. The first was Mr. Gordon Poteat, traveling secretary for the Student Volunteer Movement. Mr. Poteat spent two days here in the interest of the Association work. While here, he made several addresses to groups of men in their voluntary study classes. He made one public address in the Association Hall, using as his subject, "The Pioneer Missionaries." This address was very instructive, and aroused much interest on the part of those who heard it. Mr. Poteat certainly proved himself to be an earnest worker while on the campus, and all of those who came in contact with him will long remember what he meant to them.

Dr. Henry F. Cope, who is connected with the movement for Religious Education, spent some time on the campus during the Fall months. In a number of lectures he endeavored to give the students some idea of the importance of the part that the college men of today are expected to play in the movement for universal education. Dr. Cope spent some time giving the students advice on individual problems which they have to face in their home communities.

The greatest influence that has come to the Association was that of Mr. E. C. Mercer, of New York, N. Y. Mr. Mercer is a worker among the men in college exclusively. Just before the Christmas holidays, we were fortunate enough to have him with us for a series of four lectures. He spoke from his own storehouse of experience, and in a simple, forceful way gave the students lots of first-hand knowledge concerning the college man's problems.

The increased interest in Bible Study in the two lower classes is indeed gratifying. We hope that during the next few years this very important study will have a greater place in the work of the Association. This year we have a number of groups led by students from the upper classes.

Mission Study Groups were organized on the campus for the purpose of studying some of the Mission Fields.

One Hundred Twenty-Four



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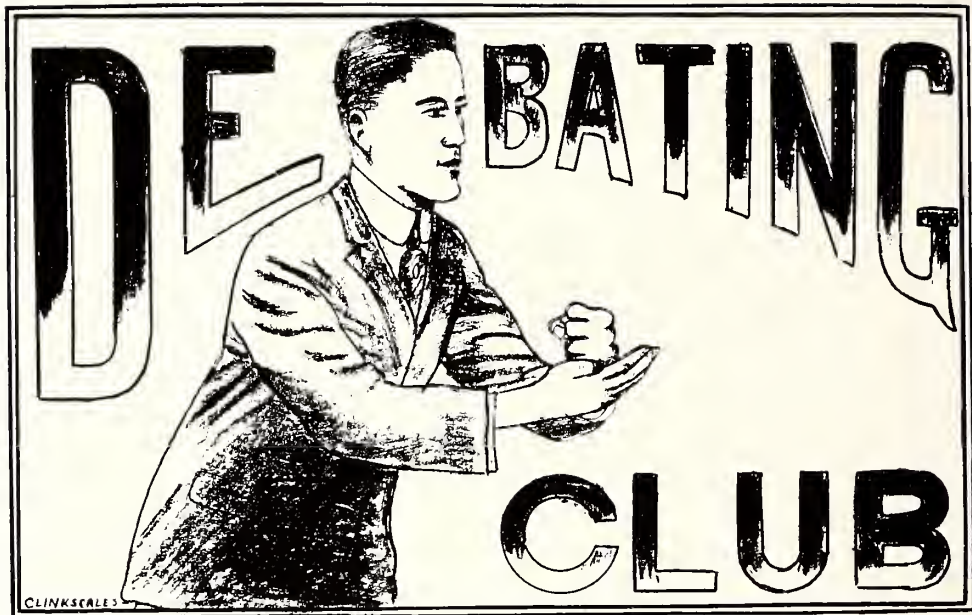


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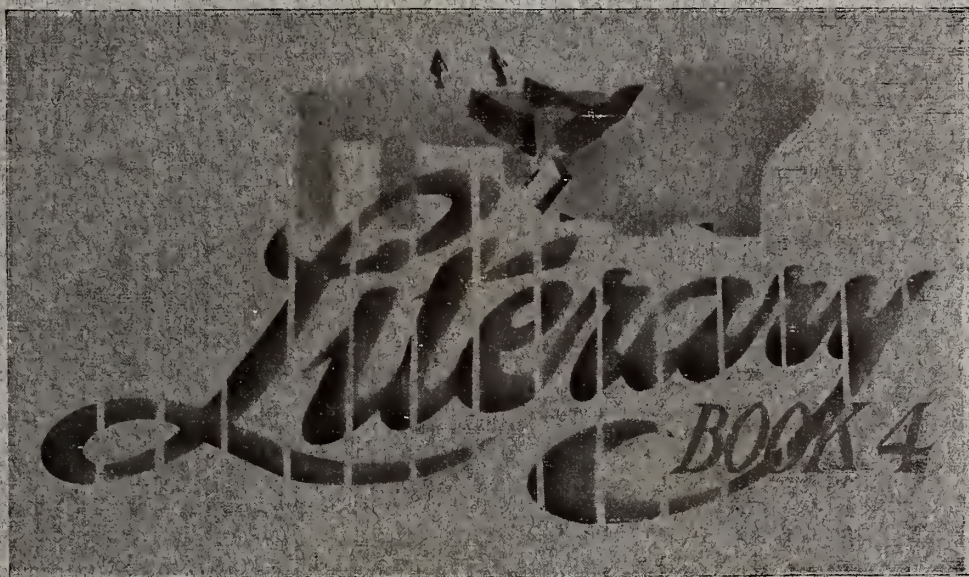
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DEBATING CLUB



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To Mother

IN BABY days so long ago,
When you were God to me,
You spent the weary hours of night
In watching faithfully.

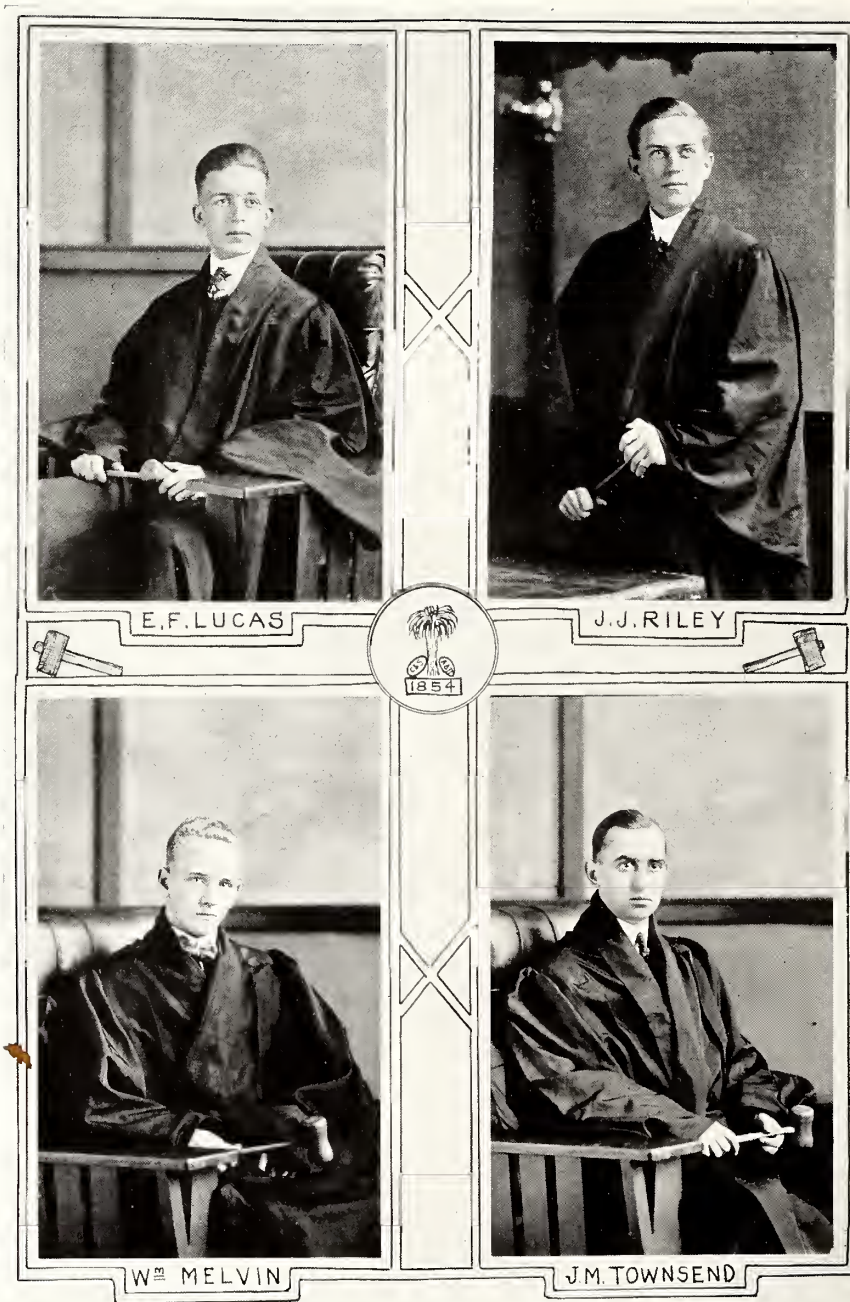
Through all of childhood's changing moods,
Your love so sweet and true
Was faithful as the sunshine,
And just as gentle, too.

And, too, when youth had claimed me,
When men are lost or made,
You loved me back to truth again—
A firm foundation laid.

Now manhood's days are upon me,
I'm threading life's intricate ways;
And, oh! how I long for that haven,
Those arms of my boyhood days!

When my dying hour draws near,
And life's pictures come back to me,
E'en in that hour, Mother dear,
I'll long as now for thee, for thee!

—W., '15



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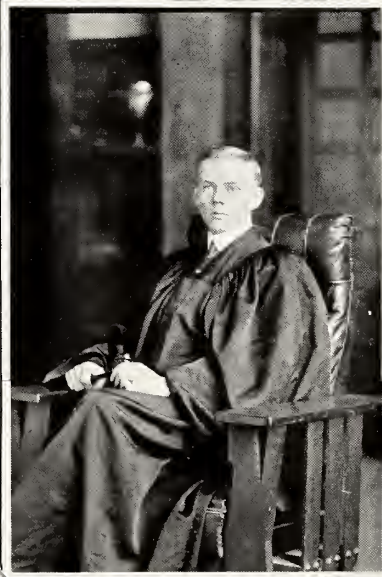


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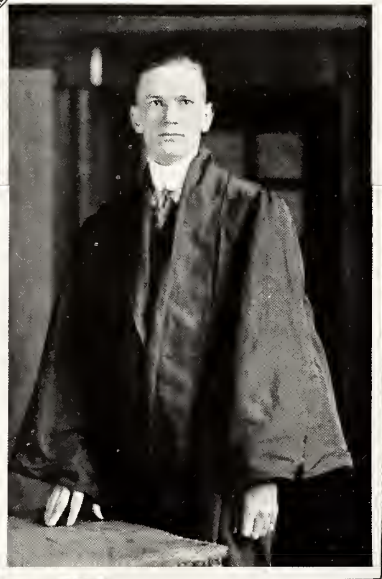
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ORATORICAL SPEAKERS—WILLIAMSON, KINARD, RAMSEUR, GLENN, GLEATON, DUKES



WOFFORD-CLEMSON-COLLEGE OF CHARLESTON DEBATERS—WILLIAMSON, EARLE, DUKES, KEARSE



WOFFORD-FURMAN DEBATERS—W. G. RAMSEUR, F. A. THOMPSON



JUNIOR DEBATERS—CARTER, GLEATON, EARLE, RAMSEUR, MOSELEY, EDENS



SOPHOMORE SPEAKERS

R. B. BURGESS
J. F. HERBERT

J. Q. KINARD
C. E. MORGAN

H. W. SANDERS
T. J. WILLIAMSON

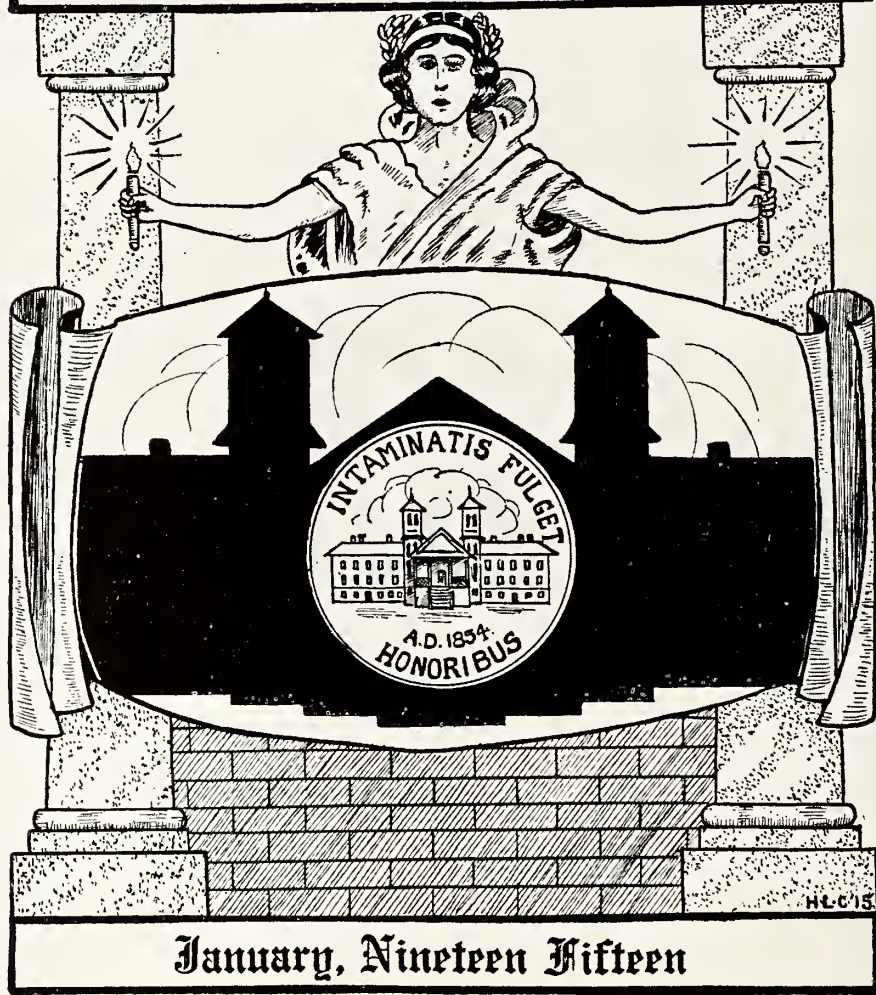


FRESHMAN SPEAKERS—G. D. SANDERS, F. L. FITZSIMMONS, W. C. HOLROYD, C. HENRY, J. C. FOWLER, J. EDENS BARRENTINE



COLLEGE MARSHALS—OSBORNE, EUBANKS, BENNETT, BOWEN, BOYLE, FAIREY, ADAMS (*Chief*), USHER

Wofford College Journal



January, Nineteen Fifteen



JOURNAL STAFF

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One Hundred Fifty-Six

The Old Gold and Black

Vol. 1

SPARTANBURG, S. C., FEBRUARY 10, 1915

No. 1

SALUTATORY

We herewith submit to the inspection of the student-body, faculty, and alumni of Wofford College, and also to the general public, this our first issue of a weekly Wofford paper. Our aim is not to revolutionize the existing system of newspaper production, but to portray life on the campus as shown by the students' activities in all phases of College work. Our real object is to promote a movement for a greater Wofford. This can be accomplished only by the active assistance of every alumnus. Therefore, we are trying, by means of this weekly paper, to strengthen the ties of interest and affection between Wofford and the old Wofford boys. Hence, we have adopted the name **Old Gold and Black**. This in itself is enough to arouse a patriotic feeling in the breast of every man who has watched our colors wave over the athletic field or at intercollegiate debates and oratorical contests.

We have great hopes, therefore, of arousing an active outside interest in all phases of college athletics, as well as literary pursuits. This, of course, can be done only by the assistance and hearty co-operation of every individual member of the student-body. To become a thorough success, however, our alumni must be brought in closer contact with college interests, in order that they can work hand in hand with us. To do this most effectively, every old Wofford man should subscribe, if possible, to the **Old Gold and Black**.

We do not wish to convey the impression that we are trying to get every man who has at any time in the past attended College here to contribute financial aid to our support. What we really want is to make our alumni feel at home on the campus. Come out to our games, join in our College yells, pull for our colors, the old gold and black, talk Wofford to anybody and everybody, and, in fact, take an active interest in our doings.

(Continued on page 6)

WOFFORD TRIMS ERSKINE FIVE

Wofford last Friday night overwhelmed Erskine in basket-ball by a score of 47 to 28. The fast Wofford five outclassed the visitors from start to finish, and after the first few minutes of the game the only question was the size of the score. The game was played in the City Y. M. C. A. Gymnasium, and the winning of it moved the Old Gold and Black quintet a step nearer the State championship. This eliminated Erskine from the running, and as Wofford has already "trimmed" the University of South Carolina, in Columbia, this makes our team a strong contender for championship honors.

The game was called at 8.30 o'clock p. m. From the very start, the fast and heady teamwork of the Wofford men rushed Erskine off its feet, and they never had a chance to rally. The rapidity of the Wofford passes and play seemed to bewilder the Erskine team, and only when Coach McCoy ran in the second-string men, towards the close of the game, was their team able to rally in any degree. However, the substitutes all played well, and held their own, showing that we have a capable bunch of second-string men. The Wofford team showed careful coaching and training in the fine points of the game, and it was their team work that contributed largely to the "Terrier" victory.

The game was attended by a large and enthusiastic crowd, and the good attendance augured well for the future games. We play Clemson on their home grounds next Friday night, and hope to twist the Tiger's tail in his own den. The entire Wofford team played well in last Friday night's game, but the particular stars were Earle, who led, with eighteen points; Patterson, Anderson, and Steadman. For Erskine, Plaxico and McDaniels played well, each getting twelve points. The line-up

(Continued on page 5)

BASEBALL SCHEDULE

Under this, we publish for the first time the Wofford baseball schedule for 1915. We have broken away from the time-honored custom of only playing teams in this State, and this spring the Wofford nine will invade foreign fields, meaning North Carolina. The Old Gold and Black will meet the strongest teams in the Old North State, and Wofford men will have, for the first time in several years, the pleasure of going up against teams of very high class. Such teams as A. & M., Elon, Davidson, and Trinity will be sure to give our team a battle royal, but we feel sure that Wofford will come out with credit. The team will take a trip of about a week's duration up through North Carolina, and it will be for the first time in many years that Wofford plays A. & M., Davidson, Guilford, and Elon. Besides these games, the schedule includes two games at the oratorical contest at Rock Hill, and the numerous Wofford men who attend the contest will be able to see their team in action, and this should cause a greater number than usual to attend. A quartet of good games has been arranged for the week of the South Atlantic States Music Festival, and the crowds of visitors who attend will have the chance of seeing some of the best college games seen in Spartanburg in several years. Davidson, who always has a strong team, will be played on Tuesday afternoon; Clemson, who has one of the best teams in the South, will be taken on Wednesday afternoon and Thursday morning; and the last of the series will be played with Newberry, on Friday. After this, the team goes on its tour into North Carolina.

Much credit is to be given to Manager Lucas, for the able schedule which he has arranged has been made only after hard work, and is the best that Wofford has had for a long time. The schedule is as follows:

March 23—Wofford vs. W. F. S., at Spartanburg.

(Continued on page 6)

The Old Gold and Black

Published Weekly by the Students
of Wofford College

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RATE: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

EDITORIALS

Erskine also needed a little practice.

Who said Clemson could play the game?

Speaking of long suits, Wofford's is basket-ball.

Boost is our motto; watch Wofford win is our hobby.

What we need is a larger attendance at our Varsity games.

When the Terrier barked, the Tiger "beat it" to the woods.

A little more "ginger" in the rooting would help a great deal.

A kicker is more out of place in college than in any other phase of life.

To pull for the Old Gold and Black, you must work hand in hand with the Old Gold and Black.

Wofford 22, Erskine 17; Wofford 34, Carolina 23; Wofford 47, Erskine 28; Wofford 19, Clemson 17. How does this look as a prospect for the championship of the State in basket-ball?

We have noticed several encouraging reports from our alumni in regard to our paper. Although our first trials may accomplish little, we are bound to win out in the end if we go about it with the right spirit.

The students do not seem to realize the fact that they must give their support to our editors in order to put out a newsy weekly. The members of our staff cannot possibly see everything that happens on the campus. Every man must help our reporters.

Beginning with next week, will appear from time to time contributions from members of the faculty on some phase of student activity. We hope by this method to put before the students of Wofford College the views of the faculty on certain questions of interest relative to both. Then, as best we can, we purpose to express through the editorial columns the representative student view of the same question. It is hoped that this will be a means of abridging the chasm, if any exists, between students and faculty.

There are three things that every college student must do before he can be an active and conscientious student. In the first place, he must do each day's duty in the best possible manner. One's possibilities are measured by the number of duties performed. No man is a true student who shirks his daily duties. In the second place, he must boost and support all college activities. No man is worthy to be a member of an organization who is not interested in the activities of that organization, and a student's interest isn't worth very much unless his support is given. In the next place, students must patronize those who help to make college activities possible. Advertisements are essential in all college publications. Students should show their appreciation by patronizing those who are kind enough to lend their support by advertising.

Wofford has always ranked high in the State oratorical contests, but she has been very unsuccessful in the past in regard to intercollegiate debates. What we want to see is an awakening interest in matters pertaining to debate. For our two contests this year we were obliged to choose from a very limited number of students who tried out at the preliminaries. As our paper is supposed to represent every phase of college life, we seize this opportunity to point out our weakness in this respect, and we hope that in the future more men will try out at the preliminaries.

It will not be very long before the baseball season. Every man should, if possible, come out and try to make the team. We want to develop a greater college spirit than we have had in the past, and the best way to do this is to have every man take an active interest in all phases of college athletics. If we intend to have a good team, we must have plenty of material to pick from. Therefore, we are expecting a good number to try out.

The following news item is from the *Southern Christian Advocate*: "The Marion-Dillon Wofford Alumni Association held its eighth annual meeting at Mullins, on the eighth of last December. 'Hard times' could not prevent about forty Wofford men from meeting in happy fellowship on that occasion. The classes represented covered a period from 1869 to 1914, and the Wofford of nearly half a century was passed in review by the very presence of the men themselves. Virtually the whole day was passed in renewing the alma mater spirit and loyalty. In no other part of South Carolina is there a stronger attachment or a more devoted fidelity to Wofford than is to be found among these Marion-Dillon men."

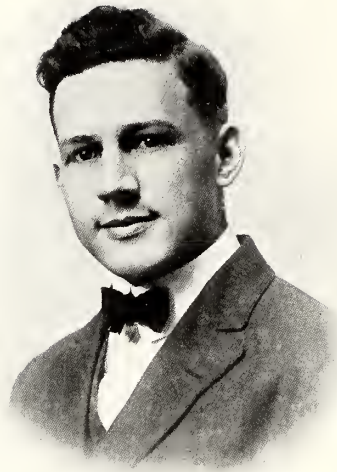
We are glad to note such meetings of the alumni. Upon such an occasion, men who have had the same experience of college life, and cherish the heritage and ideals of the same alma mater, get together and renew these experiences. We do not know of any better way to strengthen the ties that bind those who have gone out from Wofford. Other meetings of this kind are being held in different sections of the State. The Spartanburg alumni met and reorganized themselves on February 2. The Anderson Woffordites met, and had Dr. Snyder to address them, on February 13. We hope that the alumni in all sections of the State will organize themselves, and use the *Old Gold and Black* as their medium of expression. It is our desire to aid in any way possible the complete organization of the Wofford alumni.

P. T. Carter returned early this morning from his semi-weekly visit to the suburbs of the city. "Burr" is always "there" with the goods.

Edgar Milligan, of the Textile Industrial Institute, of this city, was at breakfast at Carlisle Hall, Sunday, with L. D. B. Williams. The above mentioned institution is one of the greatest things in our State, and we are always glad to have one of its representatives with us at any time.



OLD GOLD AND BLACK STAFF



R. J. SYFAN
WINNER STATE ORATORICAL CONTEST



Neglected Opportunity

*(Winning Speech in South Carolina Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest,
Rock Hill, S. C., April 24, 1914)*

“**T**HE uplifting of the democratic masses depends upon the implanting at school of the taste for good reading.” These are the words of one of the world’s greatest educators, Charles W. Eliot, sometime president of Harvard College. He also said, on another occasion, that taking into consideration the money, the work, and the time that we have put into them, our common schools are a failure. Coming from such a man, this statement deserves the attention of every forward-looking American. Are our common schools a failure? And if so, why?

Books are almost thrust upon us, floods of them flow from our presses—cheap enough for the poorest, and elegantly bound for the rich; our cities and towns are full of free libraries; and yet, with all these potent appeals to read, it is a shameful fact that we are not a reading public. It used to be the custom of our families to gather around the fire after supper to spend a pleasant and profitable evening in reading good, wholesome books; but today such a thing as spending an evening at home reading is seldom thought of. As soon as supper is over, the whole family, old and young, are off to the theater, to the card party, or to the dance. This is true not only of the well-to-do class, but it is true

also of the poorer class of people. They spend all of their extra time and nickels at the moving picture show or some cheap vaudeville. The effects of bookless homes are felt everywhere. College professors not only report almost incredible ignorance of standard literature among the freshman classes, but they say that the average freshman doesn't even know how to read. This is true of freshmen from well-to-do homes, from homes which should be so full of books that just to be among them would be an irresistible inspiration to read; from families whose conversation at the table should be enough to give the children at least a little knowledge of all the best literature. Our American girl, who will to a large degree determine what shall be the character of the homes of the future, gives little or none of her time to the reading of good books. "She trills and warbles and motors and whists; she pounds the family piano; she eats chocolates enough to fill a well; she engages in the titivations of a toy dog; she dreams of sunbursts and tiaras, while her papa worries about notes and bills." This next sentence, in Mr. Bacheller's bit of humor at the expense of the American girl, introduces us to another phase of this subject: "She lies on downy beds of ease, with the last best seller and worst smell."

The little time that we do spend in reading is spent, not in reading books that train character, and that discipline and elevate thought, but books that are either morally debasing or mentally debilitating. Many of the books and magazines published today are rank with immorality and vice. And to the disgrace of the American people we are forced to acknowledge that, out of the great supply of books and magazines published, it is not the elevating type which the mass of our people select to read. Examine the shelves of any of our bookstores, and you will find plainly revealed there the literary taste of the American public. Go into the day coach of any one of our trains. What is the type of magazine sold by the news butcher and read by the passengers? Go into one of our public libraries, and you will find that most of the best books and magazines look new, and are kept neat and clean, whereas the questionable books are finger-worn and dog-eared from much reading.

We cannot overlook a second class of books which seem to gratify the tastes of the public, books which in a moral sense are not bad, but which fail to supply the brain with enough exercise to keep it healthy. The books that the mass of our people read today are commonplace, mediocre work. George Haven Putnam, president of the G. P. Putnam Sons, one of the veteran and commanding figures in American book publishing, when asked to give the present status of book publishing, and the tendencies of the literary market, said: "My father did a better business in 1850 in the sale of standard literature than we are doing today, in proportion to the increase of the population. In certain cities of the South the purchase of standard literature was greater, not only relatively but absolutely, in 1850, than it is at the present." The truth forces itself upon us, the democratic mass doesn't care for great literature.

"As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." If the democratic mass does not care for the best in literature, the blame must be laid at the door of our common schools. It is

an undeniable fact that the habit of reading and the taste for good reading are almost invariably acquired between the ages of eight and fourteen. As Socrates has said, "In every enterprise, the beginning is the main thing, especially in dealing with the young and tender; for at that time it is most plastic, and into it the stamp which it is desired to impress sinks deepest." A child at this time in its life is of a prying disposition; new interests, tastes, and desires declare themselves, and now it is determined whether the mere passing impulses and likings are to receive a home in the soul. It is during this germinant period that the child, if ever, forms the habit of reading. And who is better suited or in a better position to present to the child the right standard of literature and to develop this taste in the child than the teacher? Yet nine-tenths of our grammar schools actually have not a single book for the children to read. Many of them are fitted up with every modern convenience—steam heat, sanitary ventilation, sanitary drinking fountains, sanitary everything; when actually and literally there is not a single book in them for the children to read. Our schools are teaching the children how to read, but are utterly ignoring their other and more important duty of teaching them *to* read and *what* to read.

Reading is necessary to secure a high type of citizenship. The power to read is so common that we seldom stop to consider its wonderful influence, and the necessity of it in the development of character. By no process of legislation can you legislate morals or intellect into a man. A man's character must be developed from within, and this development is secured in only two ways: reaction upon environment, and reaction upon ideas. As the environment of the mass of our people is not conducive to the development of high character, they must reach above their plane, and get ideas and ideals from books; they must associate with the thoughts of great men, if they cannot associate with great men. They must be introduced through the schools to books, and given a chance to get the higher ideals and sentiments of the race, as expressed by the poets and seers.

In a town of an adjoining State, a year or two ago, a small store was opened for the sale of cheap literature; and the keeper got most of his trade from the young school-boys of the town. No one thought anything of it. Last year, twelve of this merchant's little customers organized themselves into what they called "The Midnight Order of the Black Cats," and they used as their headquarters a cave which they found on the outskirts of the town. They met every afternoon, read their books, and then on the next convenient night put what they had read into practice. In the dead hours of the night, they would crawl out of the windows of their rooms, meet in some dark place, and draw straws to see who should do the work. The three unlucky ones would steal around behind the chosen store, lurk in wait until the policeman had passed, and then with a glass cutter cut the glass out of the back window, crawl in, and make way with what they wanted. This continued until several stores had been robbed. When all twelve were caught, they were found to be boys from the best homes of the town. The cave was searched, and there was found, together with a considerable amount of stolen goods, a collection of dime novels which the boys had bought. The citizens of the town woke up. The little bookstore was closed, which was proper; but there was a deeper cause of trouble, which dated farther back than the bookstore. When those boys entered the grammar school, they were

taught how to read, and there the school stopped. The school placed an edged tool in the hand of a child, and no effort was made to teach the child how to use it.

The closing of bookstores cannot put a stop to the reading of bad literature; nor can you put a stop to it by any other method of censorship. I agree with Bernard Shaw in saying, "Supply the public with the books the public wants"; but what we must do is to regulate what the public of the future wants. If a man were going into a malarial section of the country, would he carry a whole suitcase full of quinine with him, or would he not do better to build up his constitution, and go into the infected section with a body strong enough to withstand and throw off the fever germs? Let us try, as in the case of this man, not a cure, but a preventive. Let us put more emphasis on good reading and good libraries in our common schools. Let us teach the children not only how to read, but *to* read, and *what* to read. Let us remember that "it is the empty head which becomes filled with that which is cheap and mean." "When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man, he walketh through dry places seeking rest; and finding none, he saith, 'I will return unto my house whence I came out'; and when he cometh he findeth it swept and garnished. Then goeth he and taketh to him seven other spirits more wicked than himself; and they enter in and dwell there; and the last state of that man is worse than the first."

—RALPH J. SYFAN



Forsaken

FROM the thrush's first call to the evening's last hope,
When the sad echoes afar I hear,
E'er in my heart a sweet picture of thee,
And ever you seem to be near.

Days may pass on, with their hopes yet before
That all seem to center in thee.
Your sweet voice is ever a song of love
That will always belong to me.

Since the day long ago, when thou whispered thy love,
And thine eyes spoke thine heart to me,
I've lived in a trust of the day far ahead,
When I shall come back to thee.

Then I will tell thee my heart's one dream,
We never will part again.
If this be forsaking thee, sweetheart,
I have forsaken you then.

—C. Y. WIGFALL, '15

One Hundred Sixty-Three

A Lie — Justifiable?

Captain Adams, Troop A, First United States Cavalry:

Find Madurzo, and Effect His Capture.

R. H. WARREN, General Commanding.

APT. WALTER ADAMS, in command of Troop A, First United States Cavalry, read the order from his general a second time. It was brief, and to the point:

“Find Madurzo, and effect his capture.”

The captain placed the paper in an inner pocket, strode hastily from his tent, and began selecting such men from his troop as he could most rely on, and fitted them for the enterprise at hand.

An hour before sunrise, the detachment was in the saddle, galloping over the barren wastes to the westward.

Since their arrival at the border, the men of the “First” had been kept more than busy. It was at that time of the Mexican insurrection when Madero, with a thousand rebels, lay entrenched around Juarez, burning the railroad bridges to prevent any relief from the south from reaching the besieged city, and awaiting reinforcements from across the border before making a second attempt to capture Casas Grandes; and it was to prevent just such filibustering that the First Cavalry was vigilantly patrolling a portion of the northern banks of the Rio Grande.

Still the smuggling of guns and ammunition—even rebel recruits—had not been entirely checked. The most daring and successful filibuster of all was Miguel Madurzo. Little was known of this daring and loyal, but exceedingly wary, personage, save that he was a young man, that he was of Mexican descent, and that before the outbreak of the insurrection he had lived with his mother and sisters somewhere in the vicinity of the village of Capistrano, in Southern California. Truly, he seemed possessed of a charmed life. Only a few days previous to the orders to effect his capture, he and a band of his followers had been surprised and surrounded by a squad of cavalry which outnumbered them five to one. Though their supplies were taken, and Madurzo was wounded, he alone succeeded in escaping.

There was little choice in the minds of the grim, determined men of Adams’ detachment. The order was clear and emphatic. To return without the leader of the filibusters would be little short of disgrace to the “First.” And to Captain Adams, success meant the continued respect of his superior officers, and possibly promotion.

Hard and furiously they rode, straight for the old home of the young rebel, for it was there—so reliable word had come—that young Miguel Madurzo had made his way speedily, though badly wounded, to seek refuge among his own.

Capistrano is a tiny village, nestling on a slope that drops gently down from the mountain top to the glimmering sea below. Small whitewashed hovels, and low, semi-modern structures line the irregular streets. It was here that the weary, dust-covered

troopers arrived, after forced marches of days and nights. They dared not enter the village itself, lest the word of their coming might reach the ears of Madurzo. So Captain Adams camped on the outskirts, and sent out scouts to acquire any information attainable.

These found little enough to report. One, however, learned the location of the little hovel wherein Madurzo had been born. In the same hut, a mile beyond the further side of the village, his mother and sisters still lived. Accordingly, at daybreak on the following morning, the hut was surrounded by the grim and determined cavalry. The circle drew closer and closer to the hut, until they were within fifty yards of it; still there were no signs of human habitation. Then suddenly a lean, wolf-like dog leaped from the shadows, and began barking furiously. The next moment the frightened face of a girl appeared at one of the windows, but quickly disappeared as the frightened eyes beheld the advancing men.

A quick charge over the remaining space brought them to the partly open door. Led by Captain Adams, they entered with a rush, sabers drawn, expecting to be met by a volley of shot. Instead, they saw two terror-stricken girls cowering in a corner. Apparently they were the sole inmates of the hut.

While his men were making a careful search of the premises, Captain Adams remained behind to assure the girls that no harm would come to them; and, if possible, to learn something of the whereabouts of the filibuster. His efforts were futile. It was evident that they understood no English, and he as little Spanish; he turned away to rejoin his men.

As they were about to give up the search, and while Adams was at some distance from his men, he made a startling discovery. In a pile of rubbish behind one of the outbuildings, he espied a piece of linen evidently used as a bandage. He picked it up, and examined it. There were crimson stains on it, and they were *not yet dry*.

Madurzo has been here within an hour, he thought; but he made no mention of what he had found. Instead, he divided his men into search parties, to set forth and scour the immediate vicinity with the utmost haste and caution. Then he set out alone in quest of the wounded filibuster.

The old Mission at Capistrano is today a venerable yet crumbling ruin. The large sanctuary is bare and weatherbeaten, the cloisters—most of them—are roofless; bones of monks lie beneath the tangled shrubbery. The bells still hang in the crumbling tower, seemingly ready to fall with the first heavy storm or disturbance.

To this old Mission Captain Adams had made his way, weary in soul and body from the futile search which had extended from early morning till now, late in the afternoon. The peace and solitude which seemed to hover over the dark walls, the gray shadows cast by the crumbling towers, afforded a welcome contrast to the toil and fatigue he had been sharing with his men.

Adams dismounted, tied his horse, and with dragging steps walked through the silent corridors to the sanctuary within. The cool air seemed to refresh him, and he seated himself on a stone bench beside the wall.

Gradually his thoughts turned to his surroundings, and he imagined he saw the black-robed figures in silent procession. Then they began to offer prayers—prayers that must have ascended to heaven. Suddenly, low and muffled, he heard a voice in prayer.

He jumped to his feet, a cold perspiration breaking out on him. He had always laughed and scoffed at tales of ghosts; but this—could it be the prayer of some spirit long since passed away?

He stood dumbfounded, and transfixed to the spot.

Again Adams heard that voice in prayer, somewhere beyond the bare wall before him. He pulled himself together as best he could, and advanced along a dark passageway to his right. At length he stopped and listened. The prayer came more distinctly now, and below one of the few remaining doors of a cloister shone a feeble light.

He pulled lightly against the door, and it swung silently open; the next moment he stood looking within the moldy ante-room. In one corner, revealed by a single lighted candle, on a bed of straw lay a motionless form—the form of Miguel Madurzo! In the opposite corner, before a crucifix, knelt an aged, trembling woman; it was her prayer that Adams had heard from the sanctuary.

He understood it all now. Fearing the soldiers would follow her wounded son, she had carried him from their humble abode to the holy place of refuge, where her careful nursing might save his life.

The prayer ceased.

She had heard no sound, but some instinct seemed to warn her of danger. She turned fearfully, and saw the grim figure of the cavalryman at the entrance.

A moment they stood facing each other—the aged, sorrowing mother, the stern-visaged soldier; then suddenly the aged form seemed to wilt before him, and she lay moaning at his feet. He could understand but little Spanish; but who would not know the words which came from the heart of that mother, prostrate, pleading for her son's life?

A torrent of emotions swept his brain. He sympathized with the sorrowing woman—but he must remember his duty. He half turned to call out to his men, a detachment of whom he had seen as he entered the ruin; but she clasped his knees tightly, and the call died on his lips.

She grasped his saber and pressed it to her breast. "Kill me," she moaned; "but spare my boy."

He tried to loosen the clutch of her fingers.

"But he is my prisoner," he broke out hoarsely. "I must take him with me!"

She understood his words; this time she answered partly in Spanish and partly in broken English, but he knew well the substance of her anguished appeal. She was saying that if her boy were moved he would surely die; even now he hovered at death's door; only the hand of a mother could guard the feeble spark of life remaining. He felt tears welling up to his eyes as he heard her pleading:

"Señor, have you a mother a—a mother who loves you more than her own life—who would live only for you—or die for you?"

The sound of approaching steps told him that his men were coming to look for him. A moment he looked at the pale face; then silently departed, and closed the door behind him.

"I've searched throughout the ruins," he said, as they reached his side; "he isn't here. Call the men together, and pitch camp. We leave for the fort at sunrise tomorrow."

As the weary troopers rode down to a small stream near by, the breeze swayed the old bells in the tower, and they seemed to tell of man's humanity to man, of hallowed reverence to mother love.

—J. P. EARLE, '16

The Opportunities of Life

EVERY age, and each era in every age that is individual enough to stand out as an era, might well be described by some distinctive name. The world has had its stone age and its iron age; its era of gunpowder discovery, and its period of intellectual expansion due to the printing press; its renaissance of learning, and its era of democratic institutions. However, today we are facing—no, we have already entered upon—an era as important, as interesting, and as full of meaning as any previous era in the world's history—the *Age of Opportunities*.

We often hear it said that young people today have fewer opportunities to rise than their grandfathers had, because the learned professions are now so crowded, because business competition is so keen, and because conditions of success are hedged about with so many temptations to honesty and virtue.

Doubtless all this is true, as to matters of fact; but are the conclusions drawn from the facts altogether justified? I think not. If it is true that the professions are crowded, and competition in business keen, and the dangers of moral failure great, it is also true that all civilization has conspired to give young people a much more efficient preparation for the tasks of life than was possible to our fathers; the rewards of success in any calling are more than proportionate to the effort required to achieve success; and the tremendous expansion of the world's industries has created a thousand new avenues for earnest endeavor.

The ancients used to believe that a man's destinies were determined by the constellations under which he was born. But a modern poet has well told us that it is "not in our stars, but in ourselves" that our fate is cast. The City of Chicago has taken for its motto the magic words "*I Will!*" and in them we find the real limits of what man can do. St. Paul found it to be true in religion, Galileo demonstrated its reality in science, Lewis and Clark proved its meaning in discovery; myriads of courageous men and women have in all ages and in all lands made themselves living witnesses of the encouraging fact that all things are possible to those who believe, who link themselves with the spiritual and material powers for good in the world, and who *will* to accomplish the impossible.

Opportunity is a door. One side is labeled *Pull*, and the other is marked *Push*. It requires some commonsense and even some experience to discover that the "Pull" side more often opens outward, while he who *pushes* enters the temple of success. The weak youth depends on "pull" for his advancement, and often finds himself in the cheerless street when he passes through the doorway; whereas the youth who has the daring, the self-confidence, the energy, and the faith to *push*, is pretty sure to find that the great door at length yields to his earnest, persistent pressure, and admits him into a new world, filled with chances to prove his right to serve mankind—for after all that is the largest and the sweetest reward that can come to God or man.

But if this is the Age of Opportunities, we must not, even for a moment, lose sight of the fact that the age has a keynote—a big word, a master idea, an open sesame to its secrets. And that keynote, that big word, that master idea, that open sesame, is *efficiency*. At the foundation of the successful life is the efficient life—that is, the life whose powers are so developed, so controlled, and so harmoniously ordered that they can accomplish the greatest degree of result with the smallest degree of waste-effort.

This principle of efficiency is revolutionizing the whole world; we see its growing power on every hand. The application of the pulley now enables the gunner's mate to swing a massive, steel-jacketed twelve-inch shell into place with one hand; the brick-layer learns that by studying the precise order of all his movements he can reduce from fourteen to ten the number of actions required for the laying of one brick; the mail clerk in a publishing house becomes efficient by learning precisely how envelopes should be laid in order to seal the largest number in the shortest time. And so, one by one, the principles of efficiency are sought for, or even discovered by accident, in all the industrial, mercantile, and professional pursuits.

But these things, after all, touch only the outer edges of efficiency; the *real* heart of the matter lies deep within. The *kind* of future man the world must deal with, and who must deal with the world, depends on the *kind* of boy who is the father of that man, for every boy is the father of his own future self. He comes into the world either aided or impeded by the heritage of habit from his ancestors; but much more depends on what sort of boy *he makes of himself*. Heredity offers either the good or the bad material with which he has to work in self-building; but it is a great big fact of experience, and a happy fact too, that the determined acceptance of every opportunity will enable a youth to build an efficient life out of the poor material of self which has been transmitted to him by his ancestors. John Howard, one of England's greatest philanthropists, was the son of the meanest man in Spain. Good King Josiah was the son of a wretchedly evil father.

The fact which most people fail to realize is that opportunities move with precisely the speed of time. The clock ticks on—an opportunity is coming our way. Another tick, and the door is before us. One tick more, and the chance to push it open has forever gone. True, other opportunities will come, but that particular one, never again. And who can say whether the boat that went not out upon that one favorable flood-tide shall not forever lie bleaching on the strand—unlaunched, unmanned, and unknown?

Nowhere do these truths apply more really than in the field of education. The days are forever gone in which young men and women were able to fill the most responsible posts with slender equipment. Today life demands not only a full store of knowledge, but also trained faculties of reasoning and judgment, used in a specialized way. And tomorrow the demands will doubtless be still more exacting.

Yet this is only one side of the matter. If the educational demands are great, so are their opportunities. A thousand new avenues for successful effort are open to those

who are willing to be trained to enter them efficiently. With every new or expanded opportunity for service in life comes the demand for special training; and that special training, in turn, is in itself an open door, broad and inviting. The minute investigations of chemistry point the way to work for pure foods, for safe and wholesome substitutes for high-priced articles for general use, for extending the usefulness of raw materials, for discovering new means for alleviating the ills of mankind. And this is just the beginning.

But chemistry is only one of a score of old subjects made new by the magic of modern educational research. Think of the opportunities brought by this splendid advancement! And then think of the unexplored fields which seem to beckon men to their conquest!

It was only half a truth when I said that opportunities were constantly coming to us. That is not all—many of life's greatest opportunities demand that we come for them. The old negro who said that he never heard tell of a man being elected who would not run had seized a real truth. The Roman boy complained that his sword was too short. "Lengthen it by a step," answered his sword-master.

It is particularly in the arts and sciences that the widest fields await the ambitious youth today. New Madonnas are to be painted—the Madonnas of the twentieth century spirit. New Apollos are to be sculptured—the Apollos of modern labor. New inventions are to be made—the inventions of a wonderful nature such as the world has never known.

But who are to be the painters, the sculptors, the inventors whose achievements the world of tomorrow will hail? They are the youth of today, who patiently and faithfully and thoroughly not only accept the opportunities that come to them, but *make* those great and noble chances for success.

The first big opportunity of life is for *Self-Development*. Two thoughts are important here: the opportunity of *being* something worth while, and the opportunity of *doing* something worth while. Strangely enough, young people often choose the latter before the former—that is, we lay more stress upon doing than being. Yet if there is one lesson that all history is teaching more earnestly than another it is that in order to *do* good work one must *be* a good workman. Who would hesitate to paint a masterpiece if he could do it without first undergoing the long years of preliminary study? Who would count it a hardship to enthrall the multitudes with his violin were it not for the seven hours a day for seventeen years which that enthralling performance entailed upon the artist? First steps come first. Character is fundamental to conduct.

Without a doubt the opportunities for *being* or *becoming* are not nearly so popular as are those for *doing*—the scrub team seems not so honorable as the Varsity. Yet every great football coach will tell you that there could *be* no Varsity team, with all its plaudits—winning victories, were it not for the patient, brave-hearted scrub to take its daily battering and never say die.

But there is another phase of the matter that must not be forgotten—the scrub player of today wins his Varsity letter tomorrow. Learning—difficult, bruise-taking, heart-rending learning—of today is the direct road to the coveted honors of the later day.

All this does not mean that opportunity faithfully accepted always lead to public praise and great reward. It certainly does not, in many instances. The great, rough, faithful stones in the Charleston seawall are never seen of men; never polished, never adorned; yet they are finer than all the rest, because on their patient shoulders lies the safety of the whole wall.

So the opportunity to *be* worth-while doing does not always carry with it a patent of nobility, except that most splendid of all nobility—a noble character. If we deliberately set out to build up self solely for the sake of self, we shall not only lose the joy of serving others, but we shall poison our own drink that we had thought to find so sweet in the day of our success. It is better to be a running stream, whose laughing generosity gives away all its blessed waters and receives in return the blooming flowers upon its banks and the singing birds above its mirroring bosom, than it is to be the selfish pool which refuses to give away a single drop of its treasured water, and finds the reward of niggardliness in becoming a scum-covered, stagnant, miasma-breeding pond. Selfishness is its own reward, and nobody will pity it.

The most spectacular achievements of life are those of conquest. The warrior at the head of his legions inspires the admiration of those who, from a distance, hear the news of his victories. The world has always made a hero of the strong leader; and certainly much honor is his just due when he battles honorably and for a just cause. But more and more the world is coming to lament the terrible waste of war, and sorrow for those unplowed fields, those smoldering ruins of once happy homes, and those years of blighted young manhood which are a part of war's results. The people of the world are still spending vast sums for armaments, but they do so with increasing reluctance. PEACE is the golden word for tomorrow, for the ruin of useless struggle of nation against nation, of section against section, of brother against brother, is too painfully apparent to challenge our thoughtless enthusiasm, as was the case years ago, when "glory" was a synonym for rapine, plunder, and death.

All the pursuits of peace are inviting. Look out across our well-loved State—see its broad fields mellow in the Spring sunshine; look how the fires of a thousand furnaces illuminate the night; see the thronging doors of shop and market; consider the schools crowded with children, who are to be the strong men and women of two decades hence; think of the churches where next Sabbath will gather the thousands who will thank their God—and for what? For war? No! For peace and its opportunities to labor, to invent new ways to do old tasks, to discover treasures in nature, to devise ways for the advance of commerce, to plan for the broadening of education, to fight for a higher moral standard. These are the opportunities of the Ideal of Peace—an ideal more glorious than the greatest conquest ever achieved by the weapons of man, because it is more humane, more noble, more gentle, more loving, and more befitting the true spirit of true Americans.

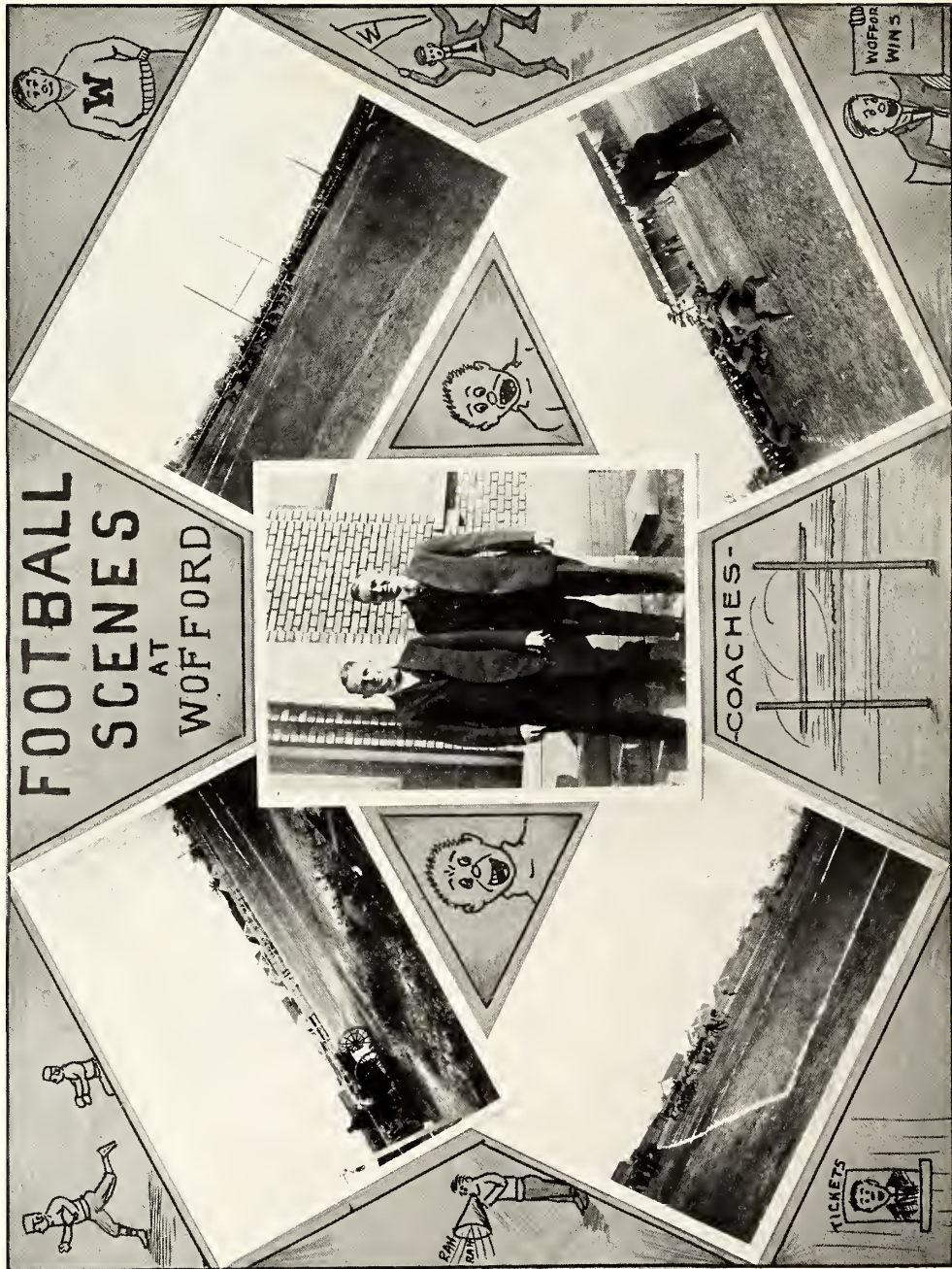
But this great Ideal of Peace, with its open doors to effort and advancement, how is it to be obtained? Many wise men have differed on this point, and it is hard to decide the great question. But this much may safely be said: In all our influence with old and young, let the glories of peace be extolled rather than the glories of warfare. Let us each as individuals, and all as a company, unite to press to their highest usefulness the arts of peace, and accept for ourselves and others the opportunities they present.

As long as the world lasts, doubtless, the people of the world will go on making the same old mistakes, but meanwhile some men and women of the better sort will be learning by experience, and resolving to accept opportunities and make the best of them, even in unfavorable circumstances. The open door will always be the open door to those who push it open; it will always be the closed door to those who stand disconsolately and count the nails in its solid oak planking. On the other side of the door lies the only thing for the moment worth while—the chance to do and be something bigger, finer, braver than we have been and done before. The ability, yes, even the *heart*, to push through, will depend in some measure upon how much we have helped or handicapped ourselves by our own past behavior. Every opportunity worthily accepted is a satisfaction; every opportunity honestly sought out is a victory; every opportunity actually made is a triumph. Therefore, we see that not only those nearby doors which swing easily to our touch are the opportunities of life, but also those distant ones, which hide their great promise behind mountains, and interpose well-nigh impassable barriers before the approach of those who would attempt their conquest. He loses half the reward who attempts only the light task; he trains himself too moderately who runs along only the level path; he swims not victoriously who fears to breast a strong-moving tide; he courts eventual defeat who asks always for some charted way. “Give me some difficult journey!” prays the hardy explorer, and lo! he finds the Pole! “Set me some unmastered problem!” cries the big-spirited scientist, and he becomes the discoverer of a new element.

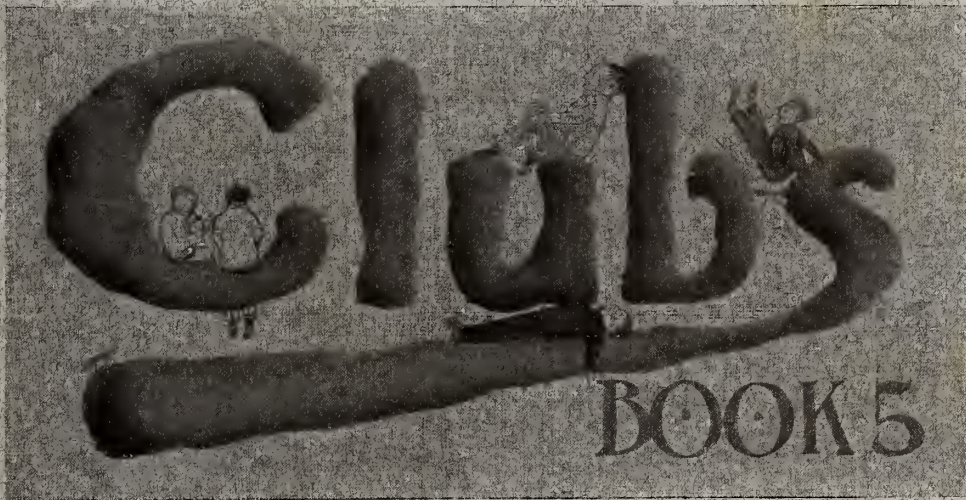
First the little opportunity, then the great; first the school, then the world; first the testing sport, then the strenuous game of life; each in its order, each in its time, and each well done, and that means the *efficient life*.

—W. W. HOLMAN, '15





One Hundred Seventy-Two





ORANGEBURG COUNTY CLUB

Orangeburg County Club



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J. J. RILEY.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
W. L. BREELAND.....	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>



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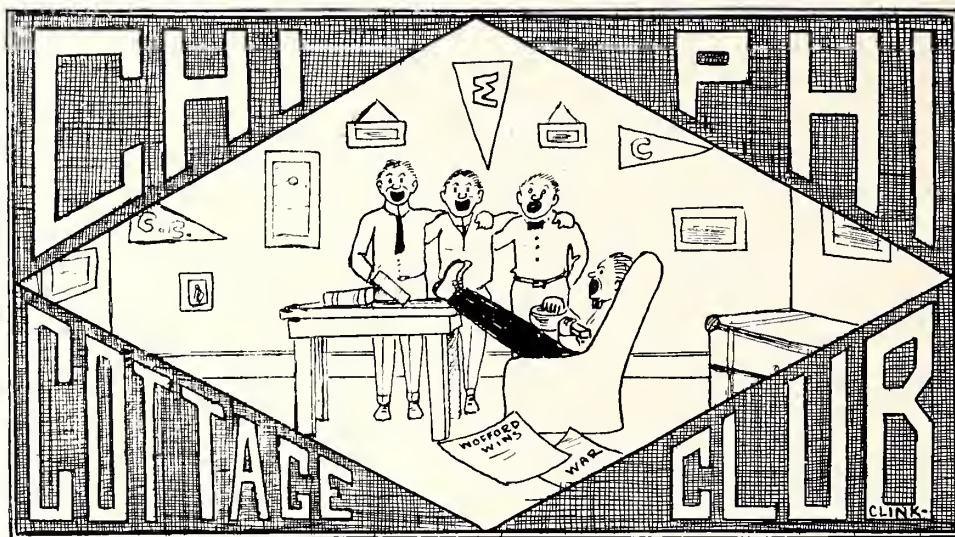
G. W. DUKES
F. D. EVANS
H. FELKEL
H. HART

A. S. HERBERT
J. J. RILEY
M. RUPLE
G. WHETSEL

J. WIGGINS

J. S. WOLF

One Hundred Seventy-Three



MOTTO: *The burners of the midnight oil*

COLORS: *Purple and Old Gold*



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CHI PHI COTTAGE CLUB



TENNIS CLUB



Tennis Club



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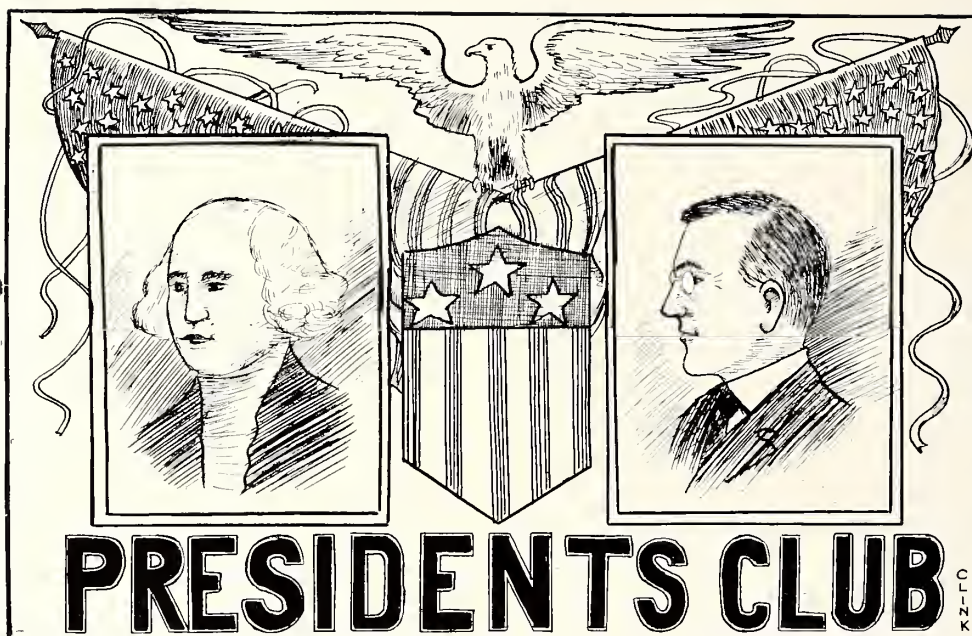


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THE REVELERS



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G. W. WANNAMAKER, JR.....	<i>President Preston Society</i>



PRESIDENTS CLUB



YORK COUNTY CLUB

York County Club

COLORS: *Garnet and Black*

MOTTO: *Never Weary*

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REID, W. C.

SANDERS, H. W.
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WHISONANT, E. D.

One Hundred Eighty-Two



MARION-DILLON COUNTY CLUB



Marion-Dillon County Club



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One Hundred Eighty-Three



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BLOCK "W" CLUB



THE (K)NIGHT HAWKS



The (K)night Hawks



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R. H. LAWTON.....	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>



MEMBERS

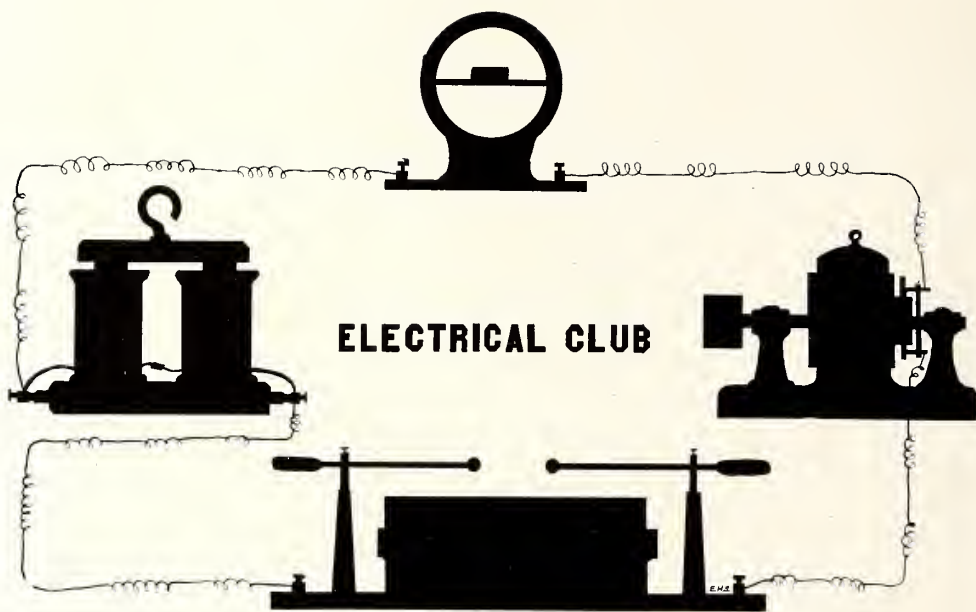
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W. G. RAMSEUR		PORTER WILLIAMS

One Hundred Eighty-Six



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E. G. EDWARDS.....	Journal	C. W. WANNAMAKER, JR.....		Varsity Track Team	
J. C. KEARSE.....	BOHEMIAN	E. F. LUCAS.....		H. C. WATERS.....	
		{ Varsity Football		{ Varsity Track Team	
		{ Varsity Baseball		{ Varsity Track Team	
		{ Old Gold and Black		{ Old Gold and Black	



E. H. SHULER, *Instructor*

J. L. BENNETT

R. T. FLETCHER

J. C. PRUITT

J. O. CASTLES

R. B. KIRKWOOD

J. R. SPROTT

J. C. CAUTHEN

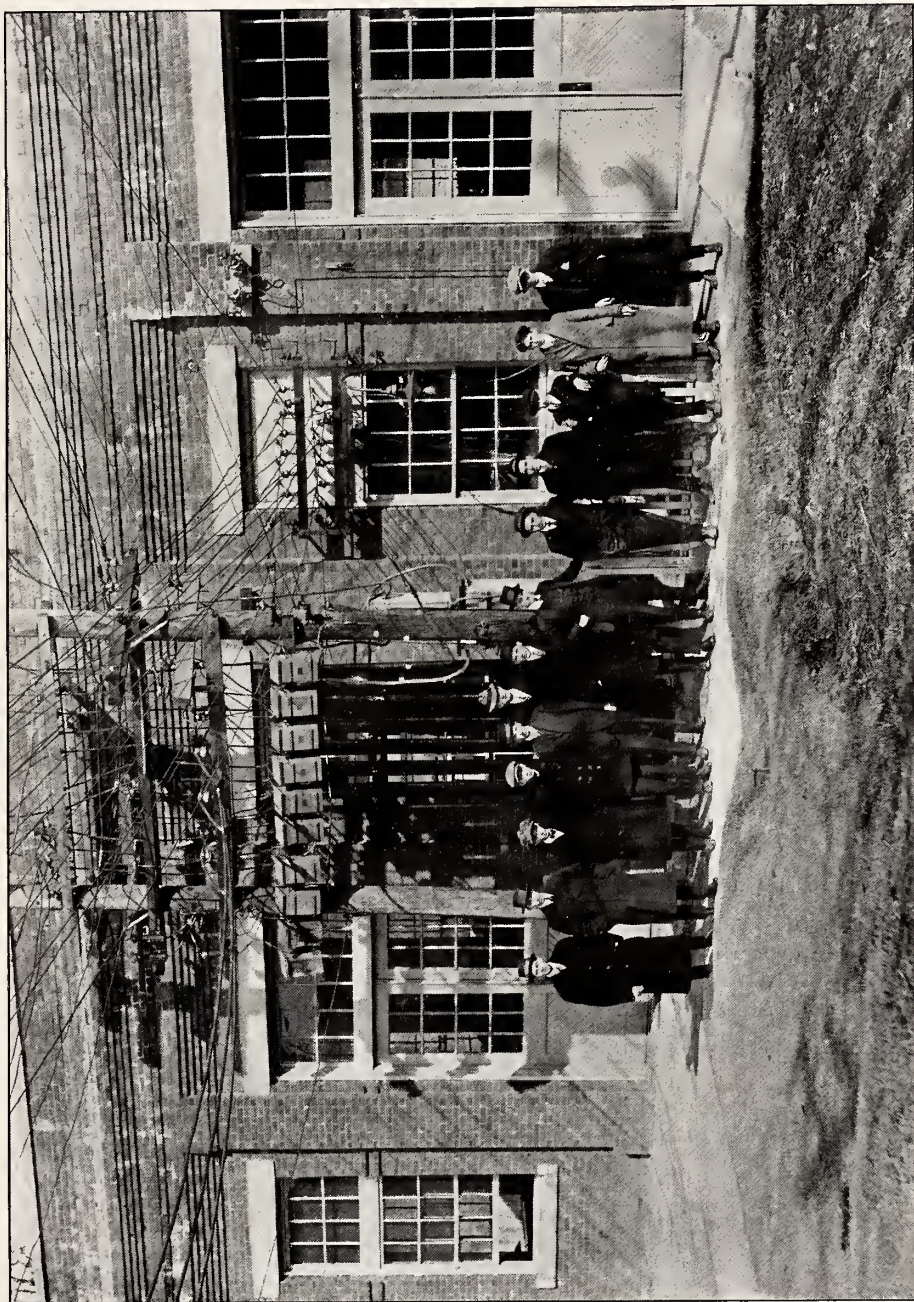
R. L. OSBORNE

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R. A. PATTERSON

L. T. YEARGIN



ELECTRICAL CLUB



COLEMAN COTTAGE CLUB



Coleman Cottage Club



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COX, A. M.

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HUGHES, G. T.
MARLOWE, G. G.

RUCKER, J. S.
WIGFALL, C. Y.

One Hundred Ninety



DARLINGTON COUNTY CLUB



Darlington County Club

COLORS: *Garnet and Blue*

MOTTO: *Never Weary!*



OFFICERS

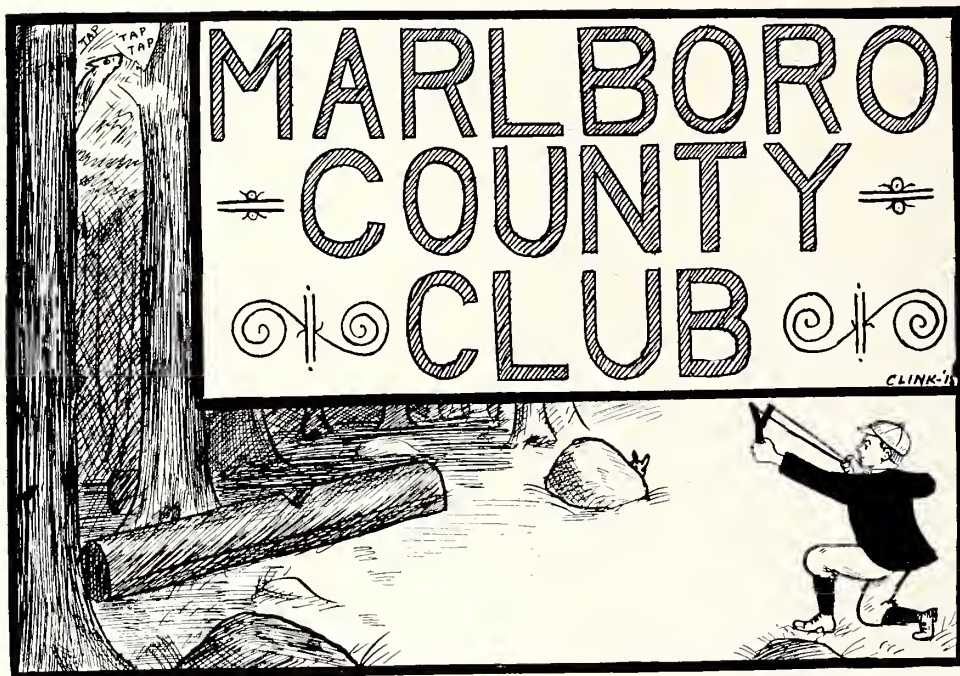
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E. L. DOWLING.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
F. A. JORDAN.....	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>



MEMBERS

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C. E. KING	O. G. JORDAN
K. Z. KING	J. B. REYNOLDS

One Hundred Ninety-One



FLOWER: *Cotton Bloom*

MOTTO: *Boost Marlboro*

COLORS: *White and Gold*



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 REMBERT PATE

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MARLBORO COUNTY CLUB



MISS ANDERSON
SPONSOR



Bobo Club

MOTTO: *Nihil sed optimus*

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G. MAXEY PERRY.....	Vice-President
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FAIREY, T. K.....	"T. K."	SPROTT, C. W.....	"Amos"
FREY, G. B.....	"G"	SPROTT, J. R.....	"Sport"
FREY, J. R.....	"Jake"	WHARTON, W. C.....	"Socks"
WOLFE, J. A.....	"Mutt"		



1915



SPARTANBURG COUNTY CLUB



Spartanburg County Club



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MASTER OF ARTS CLUB



Master of Arts Club

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W. F. CHRISTMAN

E. C. BOMAR



One Hundred Ninety-Seven



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G. M. PERRY.....“Mac”	G. E. WHITESIDES.....“Rastus”
L. T. YEARGIN.....“Yegg”	

One Hundred Ninety-Eight



ENGINEERING CLUB

“ Hope ”

AWAKE, O thou discouraged one;
Arise and fight thy fight;
Though darkness is around you now,
Ahead there shines a light.

Arouse from thy despondency,
Put on thy sword and shield;
Go out to meet thine enemy
With faith that he will yield.

Remember this, thou who hast met
With failures all through life,
'Twill help you in the coming days
To face the bitter strife:

There never was a night so long
But that the day has come;
There never was a battle fought
Without a victory won.

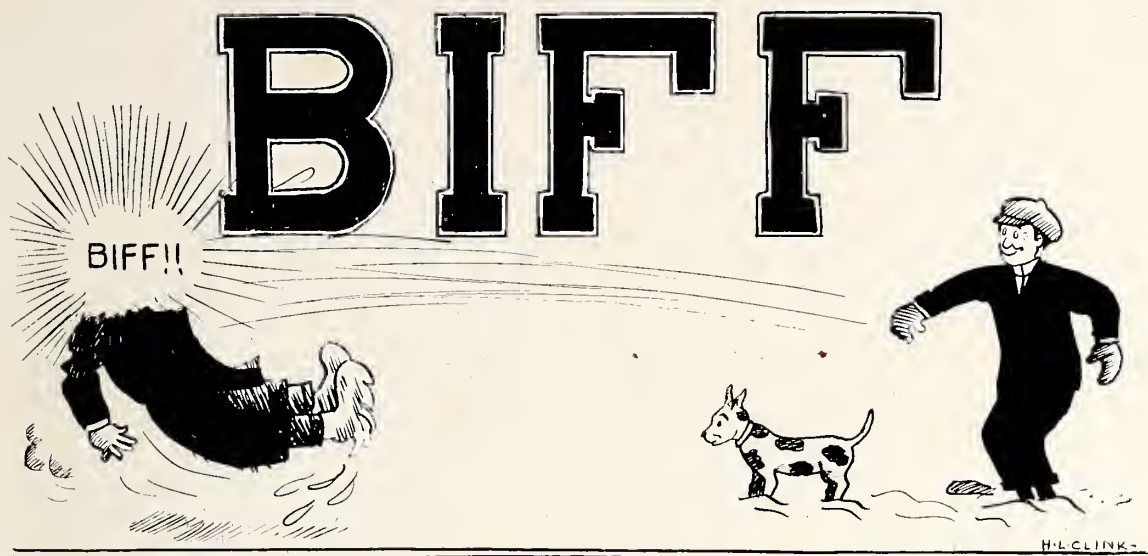
No matter though the night be dark,
And though the hours be long,
At sunrise comes the victory,
And tomorrow comes the song.

—G. D. SANDERS, '18

BIFF



SEPTEMBER MORN



Vol. 1313. No. 13

SPARTANBURG, S. C., MAY 33, 1915

PRICE, \$13.13

SUCCESS

I see far away in the future
A mountain called Success;
It is reached by the rugged highways
Of Work and Toil and Stress.

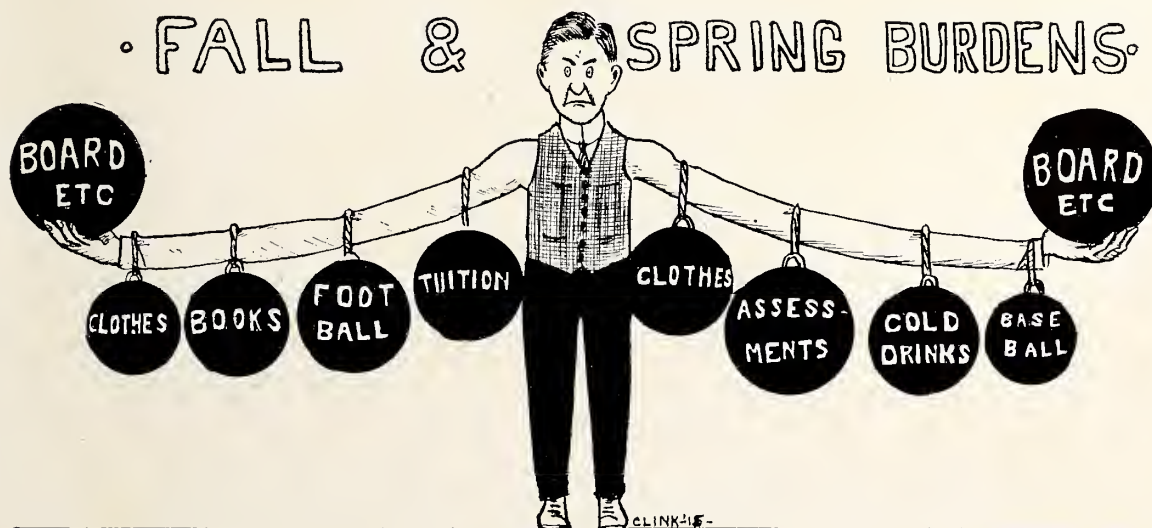
And the one who would climb the mountain
Hasn't time to stop and play,
But must work and toil the harder
With each succeeding day.

For if once one stops and lingers
To see if the world moves right,
His feet may stray off the highway
To the Valley of Ruin and Blight.

For the one who climbs the mountain
Must keep his pace in the press,
And ever look up to the summit,
And at last he will reach Success.

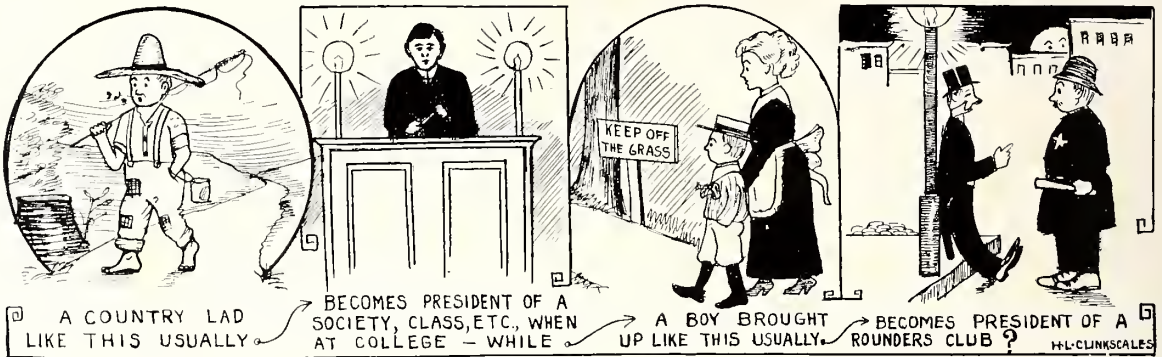
—G. D. Sanders, '18

• FALL & SPRING BURDENS.



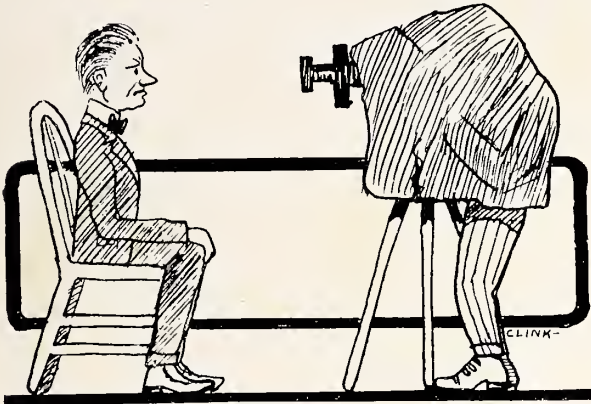
The College Student

DO YOU KNOW WHY



LATEST BOOKS BY OUR SENIOR AUTHORS

- How to Tango, by "Dutch" Blackmon.
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- Damon and Pythias Up-to-Date, by "Mox" Cox.
- The Wild and Woolly West, by "California Jack" Cunningham.
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- The Clown and His Tricks, by "Yancey" LeGette.
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- Why You Should Be a Tarheel, by "Carlo" Marlowe.
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- Why Men Should Get Haircuts Daily, by "Ninety" Merchant.
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- Violent Exercise, by "Brooks" Stuckey.
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- Poor Paul-lean, by "P." Whitaker.
- The Gravity of Humor, by "Wig" Wigfall.
- A Little Physics is a Dangerous Thing, by "Foxie" Wolfe.
- The Uselessness of a Tonsorial Parlor, by "Mutt" Wolfe.



Photographer—Can't you look a little more pleasant?
 Student—No, I owe too much, and the war is on.
 Photographer—Ah, I see. Well, just rest your head on your hand then, and pose as a deep thinker.

BU\$INE\$\$ MANAGER'S \$ONG

How dear to my heart, i\$ the ca\$h on \$ub\$cription,
 When \$ome kind \$ub\$criber pre\$ent\$ it to view.
 Of one who won't pay I refrain from de\$cription,
 For perhap\$, gentle reader, that one may be you.
 —Ex.

USES FOR EVERYTHING

The fellow with projecting ears,
 Now finds them come in pat,
 They are in style, as it appears,
 For holding up the hat.

I stood upon a mountain
 And looked upon a plain,
 And there I saw before me
 A field of waving grain.
 And then I looked once more
 And thought it must be grass;
 But lo, unto my horror,
 It was the Freshman Class.

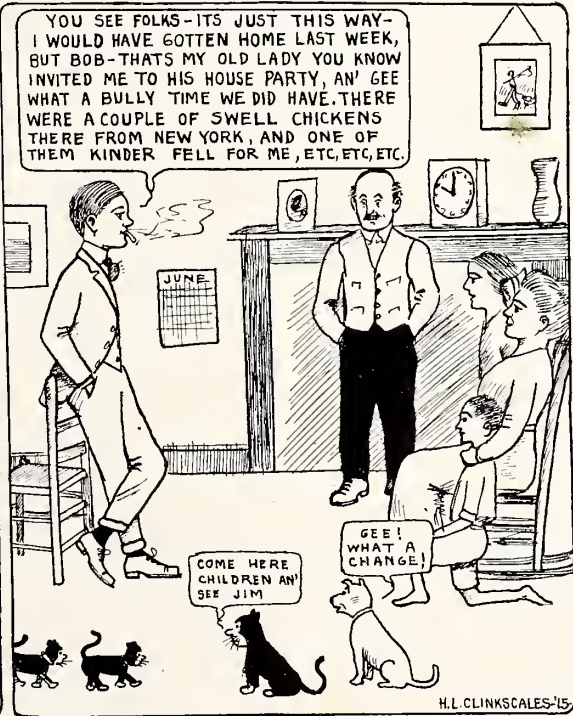
—Ex.

FOR MEN ONLY

If she had to stand on her head.
 We know that she'd get at it somehow,
 This poem she's already read—
 Now we'll wager ten cents to a farthing,
 If she gets the least kind of a show,
 But you bet she'll find out somehow,
 It's something she ought not to know;
 If there's anything worries a woman,

Healthy Boy,
 Cigarettes;
 Little Grave,
 Violets.—Ex.

OUR COLLEGE BOY

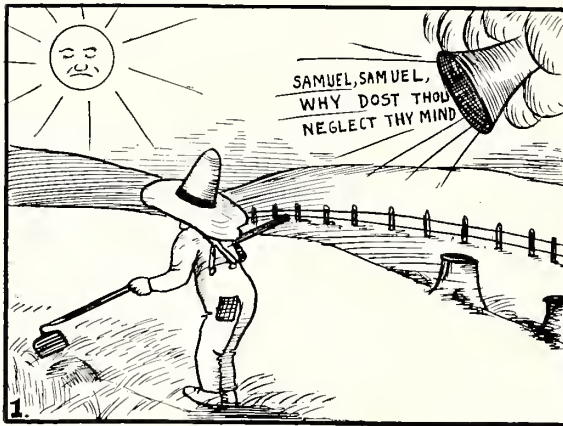


In September

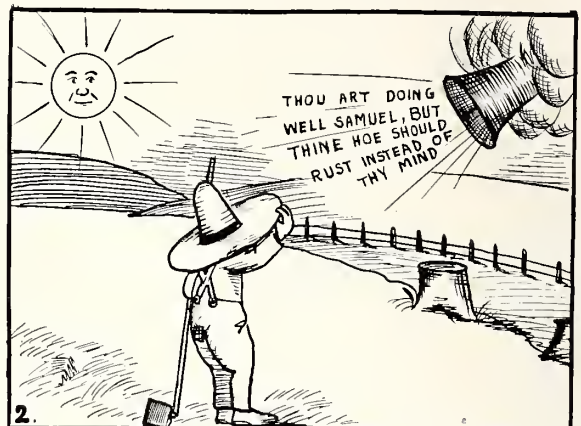
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In June

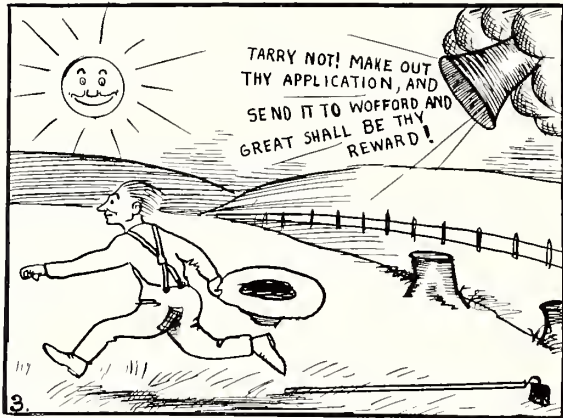
THE STORY OF SAMUEL



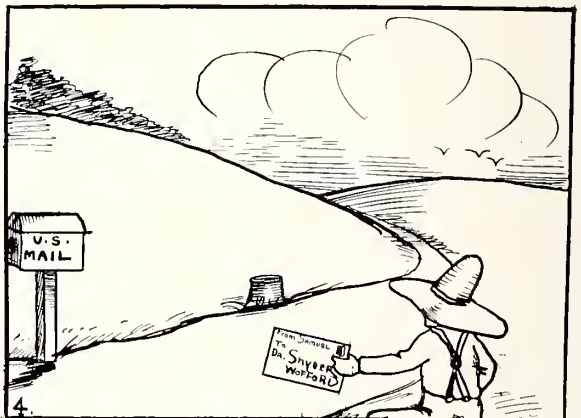
A cloud descended, and a voice spake unto him, saying—



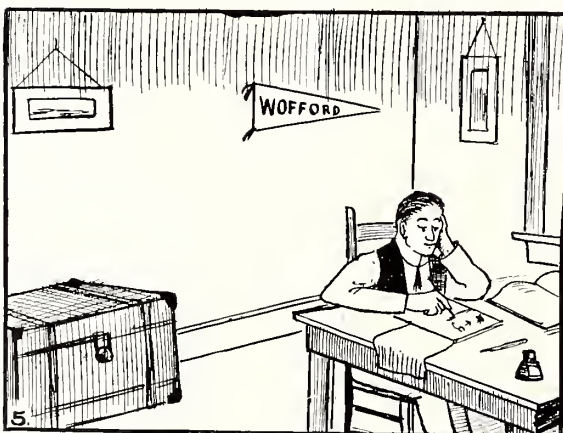
And while the voice continued, Samuel tarried to listen.



And he hearkened unto the voice, and departed from the field in great haste;



And he ate not, neither did he sleep, until he had sent in his application.

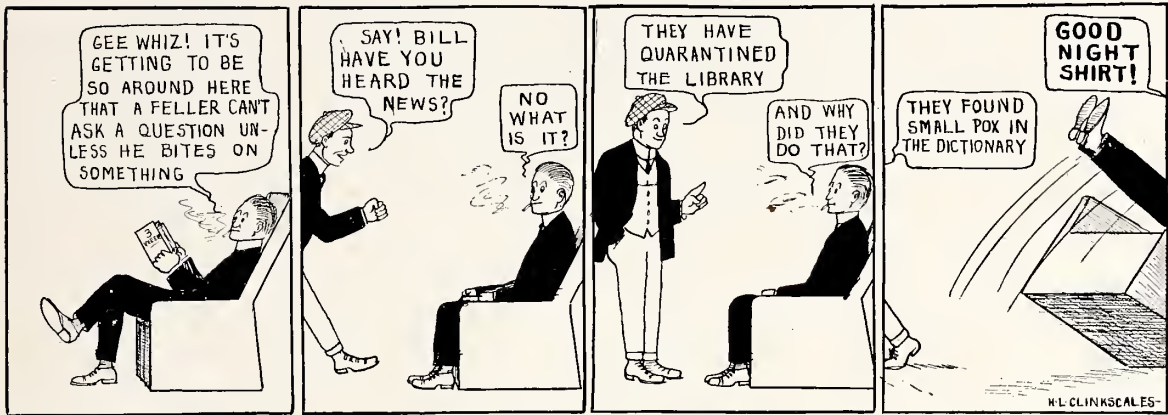


And it came to pass that Samuel's hoe did rust in the field, but his mind waxed brighter and brighter.



And his reward was very great—even greater than he could bear.

YOU WOULD HAVE "BIT," YOURSELF; NOW WOULDN'T YOU?



'Tis true in kisses microbes hide,
But that is not the worst of all;
'Tis better to have kissed and died,
Than never to have kissed at all.



"Any fool can go to bed; but it takes a man to get up."

CONUNDRUMS

Q. What kind of a driver never gets arrested for speeding?

A. A screwdriver.

Q. Why is a bar-room like a bad quarter?

A. Because they are both hard to pass.

Q. What does a farmer have a good crop of, rain or sunshine?

A. Whiskers.

Q. Who is bigger, Mr. Bigger, Mrs. Bigger, or the baby?

A. The baby is a little bigger.

Q. What must you do before you get off a street car?

A. Get on.

Q. What monarch's name is mentioned more than any other's on a winter's night?

A. Philip the Great (Fill up the grate).

Q. Why is an undertaker a very mean gink?

A. Because he'd put his best friend in a hole.

Q. What is a button?

A. A small event that is always coming off.

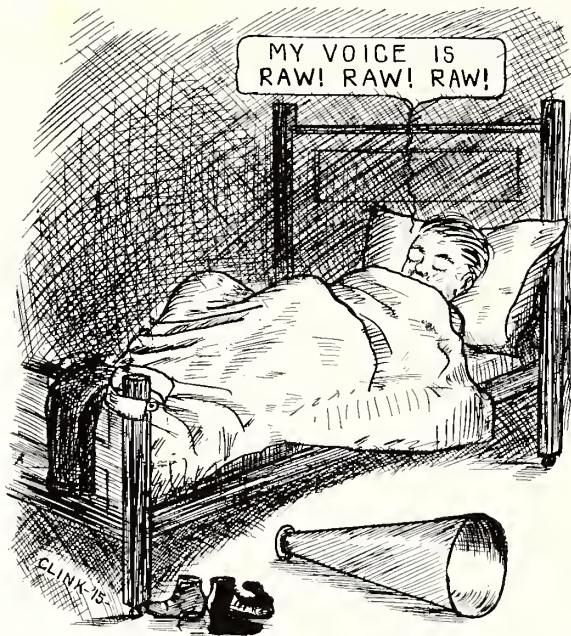


ONE GOOD OF COLLEGE EDUCATION

Father—What kind of noise was that down at Dolly Dimple's house just now?

Son (just from College)—Why that was me, giving a College yell.

Father—Well, by gosh, Colleges are some good, after all. I've got to take a load of truck to town tomorrow, and I will take you along to do the calling.



The Cheer Leader the Morning After

MARY'S CAT

Mary had a little cat
It warbled like Caruso,
A neighbor swung a baseball bat—
Now Thomas doesn't do so.

There stands a man, all rapt, intent,
A-gazing down the street,
At some chic girl in summery gown
Who looks cool, trim, and neat.
It's ten to one he's waiting till
She gains the sunny side,
For then these X-ray gowns disclose
The charms they used to hide.

Q. Why does an Indian wear long hair?
A. To keep his wig warm (wigwam).



Restaurant Sign—"Open All Night"

WOFFORDISMS

(H. L. C., '15)

As for exams—the supply always exceeds the demand.

A little study at nine may prevent a flunk at ten.

What is so rare as a One on Greek?

"It's a long, long way to graduation," sayeth the Freshman.

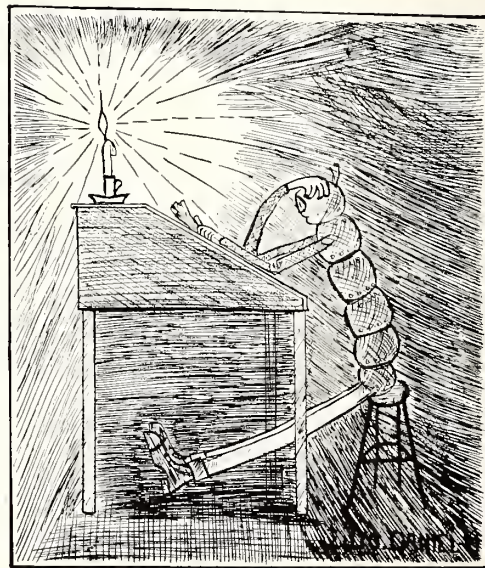
Some students' lives are just one old flunk after the other.

Many students reach a turning point when they pass a pretty girl.

It's easier to look thoughtful in Class than it is to deliver the thoughts.

News of a fellow's flunking should be broken gently. Also this rule may be applied to bad eggs.

When a ball team gets beat, they can always tell the reason why. But when most fellows flunk, they never can see how they did it.



A Bookworm

On what side of Wofford College do trees grow best?
The outside.

She: "But Harry, if you married me you couldn't even keep me in clothes."
Harry: "I'd do my best to."

The freshman was observed in an attitude of dejection.

"What's the matter?" he was asked, "Sophs' been rough-housing you?"



Freshman (reading)—“Keep Out, This Means You.”
Well, that’s funny; how did they know I was coming?

Prof. Clink: Now if I just had an orange I could show you what a lime is.

Freshman: “Here’s one, Professor.

Prof. Clink (putting orange in his pocket): Much obliged, I’ve just been wanting an orange.



Anticipation and Realization

WOFFORD COLLEGE

Wofford wins.
Optimistic ovation.
Famous faculty.
Fearless flunkers.
Outclassing orators.
Renowned reputation.
Deserving distinct on.

Commendable curriculum.
Outstanding opportunities.
Lovely location.
Literary limelight.
Excelling environment.
Great graduates.
Efficient education.

—H. L. C., '15

The lad was sent to College,
And now Dad cries
“alack!”
He spent a thousand dollars,
And got a quarter-back.”—Ex.

A word in the head
is worth two in the mouth.—Puck.

Student in Caesar (translating “Caesar flumen vadō transivā”): Caesar crossed the river in a Ford.—Ex.

We presume a bank-note’s figure is what makes it so popular.

Life is just one bump after the other.

Prof.—What a finely chiseled mouth you have. It should be on a girl’s face.

Senior — Well, I never lose an opportunity.—The Tiger.

SAY, DID YOU EVER DREAM YOU WERE FALLING, AND—

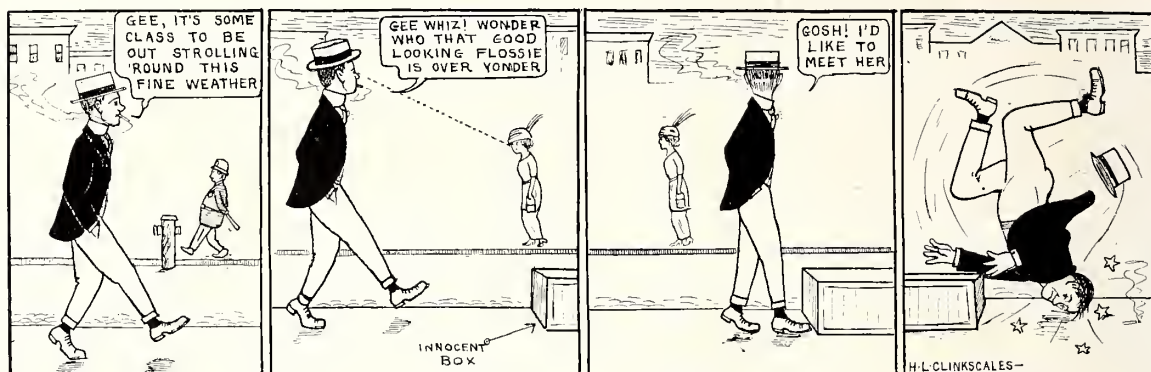


FIND YOURSELF THIS WAY?

Asking permission of a girl before you kiss her is cowardly. It is putting the responsibility up to her.—Life.

Math. Prof.—“How do you make V equal X?”
Sporty Stude—“If I only knew, I wouldn’t be broke so often.”—Ex.

WATCH YOUR STEP



Squeedunk

Friday

Dear Punk:—Well i guess buy this time you have saw the sircus, and i bet it was grate. I seen it wonct, and wisht i could of saw it twict, i wisht i could of saw them when thay hayseed you. i bet thay was ruff—But say—no tuff crowd of collidg boys ain't never goin to put nun ov that haysin stuff over on me, ile bust somebodys jaw.

You no me, Punk. Anybody is a lire that says thay could beat me. Well, I will close, as I got to watur th' cows. Rite soon.

JAKE

Binks—What verse in the Bible best describes the college student?

Jinks—"They toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."—Judge.



Extract from a story—"And through the stillness of the beautiful summer night a fearful shriek was heard."

DISTANCE

He sat beside her lovingly;
She answered with a smile;
You will not be so near me
When hoopskirts are in style.

"I'm going to turn you down," she said,
He had an awful fright.
But she didn't mean what he thought she meant,
For she meant the parlor light.

Why are women like salad?
Because they both need a great deal of dressing.

SEEN IN A STUDENT'S ROOM

("Take It As You May")

Stay as long as you like. We never study or go to bed.

Please let us lend you some money.

When borrowing our books, don't bring them back. We have more than we can study now.

Be sure and leave the door open. We don't mind it, as we were raised on icebergs.

Prop your feet on the bed. The covers never get dirty.

Make this your loafing place, and invite all your friends here.

Naturally

Boarding house mistress: What part of the chicken do you wish?

Freshman: Some of the meat, please.—Ex.

There was a young man in Gloucester,
Who loved a young girl, but loucester,
He went to his home
No more did he roam!

Just think of the pangs that it couster!—Ex.

Soph: Freshman, what makes you so green?

Usher: Man, I ain't green; even the cows run from me.

Senior LeGette: Say, fellows, let's cut "Dunc" today.

Freshman (standing near): Wonder what they want to cut him for?



"She's a corker!"

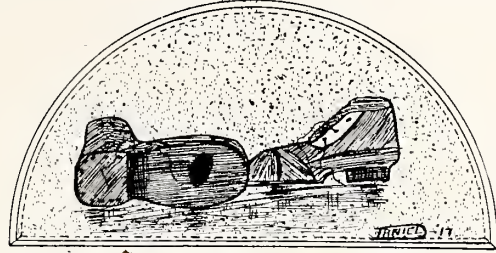
"Who is?"

"Why that girl who works down at the bottle factory."

Q. Why is "Mac" Ligon like Ex-president Taft, Charlie Murphy, or the Bank of England?

A. He could lose a few pounds and never miss 'em.

Most fellows think the cost of loving pretty high when they buy the engagement ring.



"Castaways"

WHO ARE THESE?

Whose name implies an African,
And yet he is a pure white man?

Whose head is so big and broad and hollow
That when he has a haircut it costs half a dollar?

Who is he so lank and tall,
He's not much of a student, but he plays football?

Here comes "Husky," he has a big mouth, too;
He wears a fifteen collar and a number 'leven shoe.

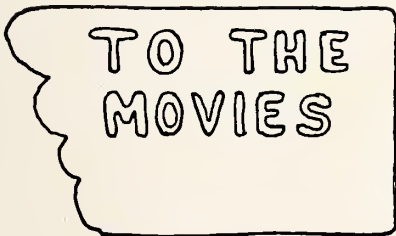
Now I come to one you'll know,
He smokes a pipe, and his legs are bow.

What manager is this, can you define—
He coaches his team to run a mile in nine?

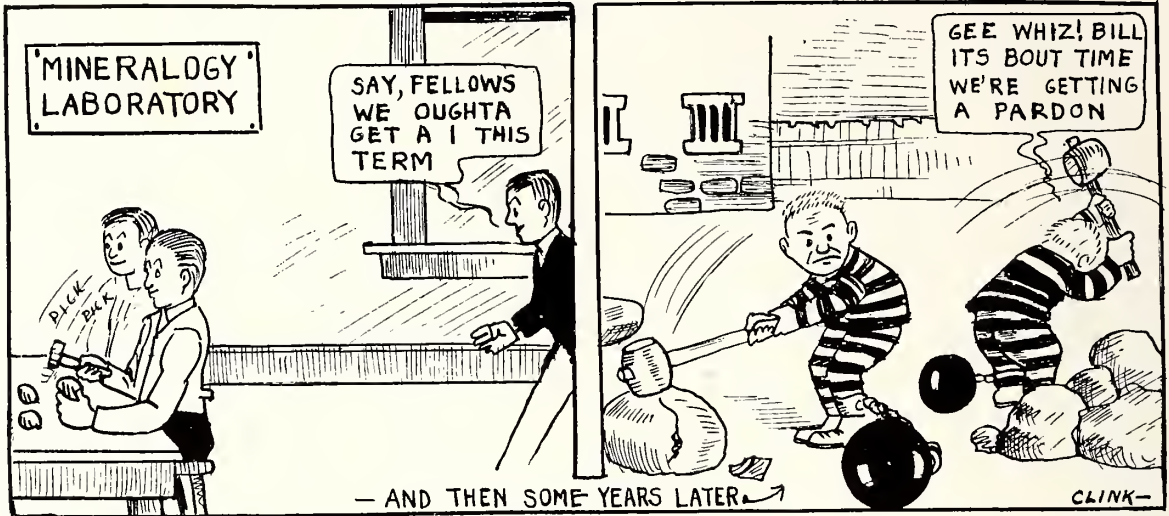
Who is he who thinks he's done,
And yet he has not half begun?

If to guess these you will try,
I'm sure you will before you die.

—F. W. R., '15



"Twixt Love and Duty"



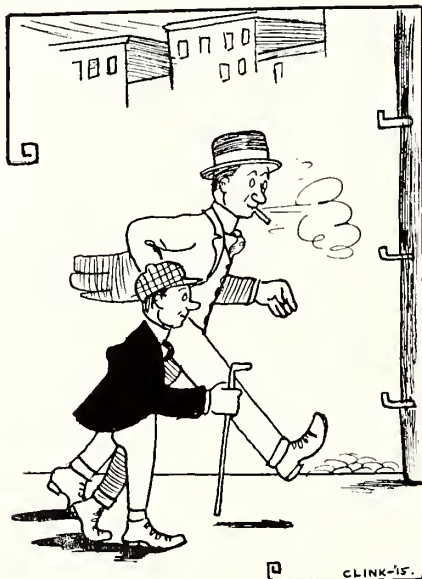
Picking Rocks—In and Out of College

When a student succeeds in printing a kiss on the lips of a pretty girl, he is never satisfied till he runs off a large edition.

Ad in Asheville Citizen: Don't kill your wife—let the Mountain City Laundry do your work.

BECAME UNBALANCED

Some fellows stay right in the rut,
While others lead the throng;
All men may be born equal, but
They don't stay that way long.

**NO FUSSING**

Fresh—Do you get board where you are rooming?
Soph—Oh, terribly bored! There isn't a girl in the place!
—Ex.

Prof.: How did the cliffdwellers keep warm?
Student: By the mountain ranges, of course.

FORCE OF HABIT

Doctor: I have a report, sir, that you are the father of triplets.

Politician: Impossible! I'll demand a recount.—Puck.

ON THE HOME TRACK

"Dad, I was simply great in the relay events," boasted the boy from College.

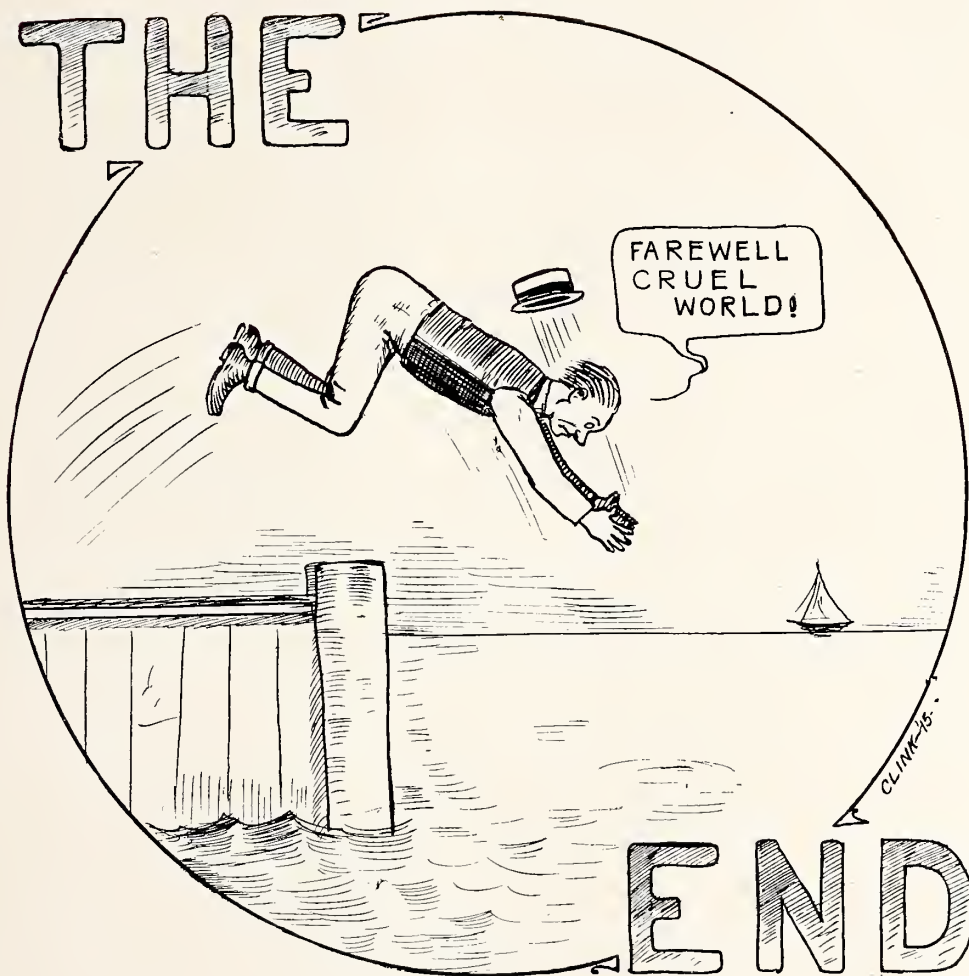
"That's fine, my son! We'll make use of them talents. Your ma will soon be ready to relay the carpets.

FAMOUS LAST LINE No. 999999

"I love you," she whispered, as he folded her in his arms.



Illustrated Student Slang—Needing (Kneading) Dough







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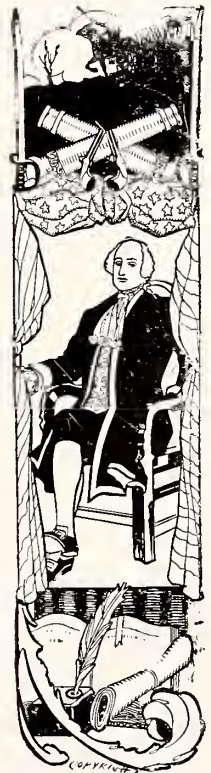
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SPARTANBURG, S. C.



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HENRY N. SNYDER, LL. D., LITT. D., PRESIDENT

Two degrees, A. B. and A. M. All courses leading to the A. B. Degree. Twelve Professors. Departments: Ethics, Astronomy, Mathematics (pure and applied), Physics, Chemistry, Biology and Geology, Latin, Greek, English, German and French, History and Economics, Library and Librarian. The W. E. Burnett Gymnasium, under a competent director. J. B. Cleveland Science Hall. Carlisle Hall, a magnificent new Dormitory. Athletic grounds. Course lectures by the ablest men on the platform. Rare musical opportunities. Table board, twelve dollars a month. Next session begins third Wednesday in September, 1915.

For catalog or other information, address

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SPARTANBURG, S. C.

WOFFORD FITTING SCHOOL

Wofford College Fitting School, with a thoroughly equipped plant, offers inducements for students desiring a standard preparatory education.

It combines the discipline of the military institution with the close, personal touch of the tutorial system. Six teachers and a matron live in the two dormitories with the boys, thus making possible a sympathetic supervision at all times.

The location of the plant on Wofford College campus gives the students of the Fitting School the advantage of the College Library, Gymnasium, Laboratories, Athletic Field, etc.; while the educational and musical advantages of Spartanburg are unexcelled.

The total school expense for the entire year is \$185.00.

For further information or catalog, address

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SPARTANBURG, S. C.

LEARN TO SAVE—SAVE TO EARN

If you do not save of what you learn; if you do not save of what you earn,

YOU CANNOT SUCCEED

YOU ARE WASTING TIME

YOU ARE LOSING MONEY

Wofford College is the best one in the State to increase your store of knowledge.

We can help you accumulate your storehouse of capital, and it will be safe

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

ESTABLISHED 1871

CAPITAL, \$500,000.00

SURPLUS, \$100,000.00

4% ON SAVINGS ACCOUNTS

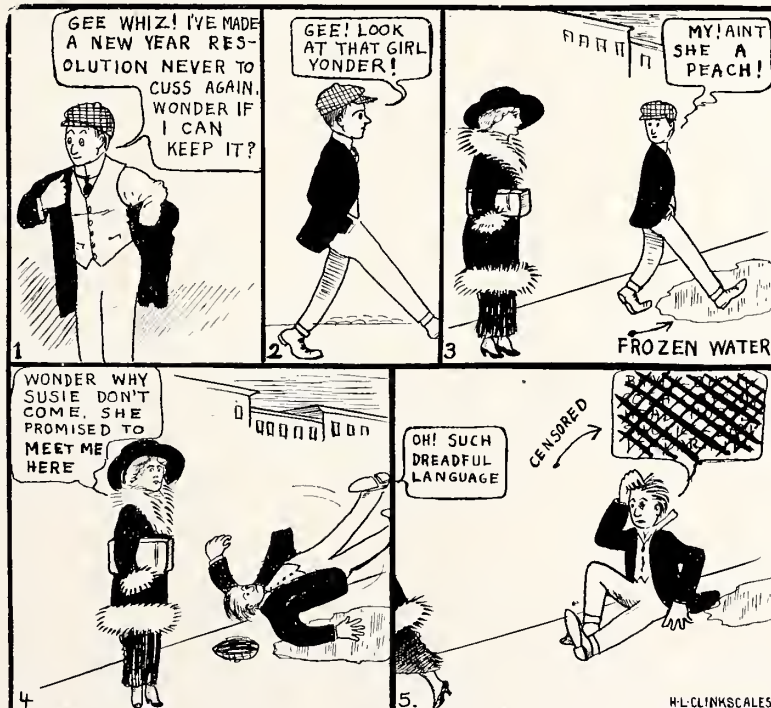
4½% ON CERTIFICATES

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ROY E. LEONARD, ASSISTANT CASHIER, '04
W. FRANK KLUGH, ASSISTANT CASHIER, '10
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WILLIE WOFFORD AND HIS NEW YEAR RESOLUTION



CONVERSE COLLEGE

SPARTANBURG, S. C.



A STANDARD COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

NO PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT

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1. *The College of the Liberal Arts and Sciences, offering the A. B. and A. M. degrees.*
2. *The College of the Fine Arts, offering the B. Mus. degree and a diploma in Art.*

EARLY APPLICATION IS ADVISED

ROBT. P. PELL, LITT. D., PRESIDENT

CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

UNITED STATES DEPOSITARY

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SURPLUS AND PROFITS	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	\$165,000.00

JNO. A. LAW, President

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HANDLE YOUR BUSINESS



The Du Pre Book Store

BOOKS, STATIONERY, AND PICTURES

Spartanburg, S. C.



*Moore's
starts writing on
the jump*

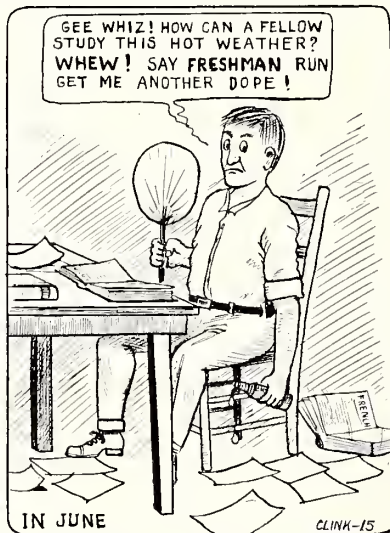
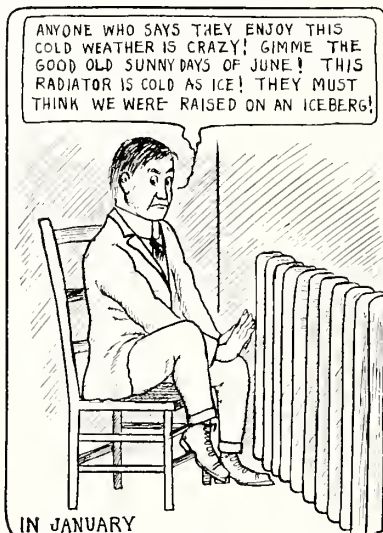
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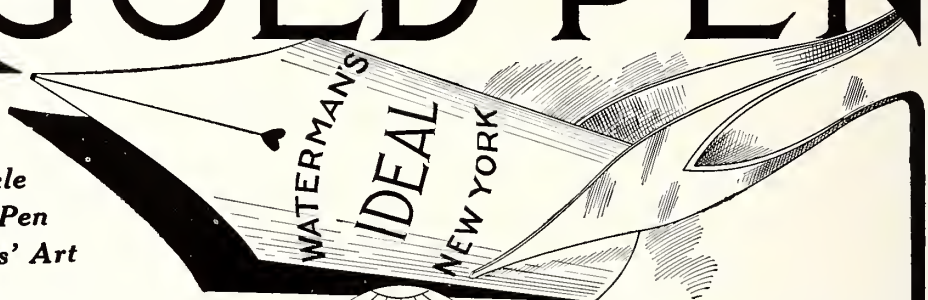
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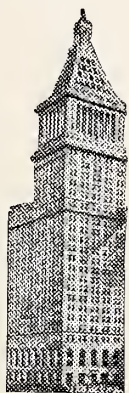
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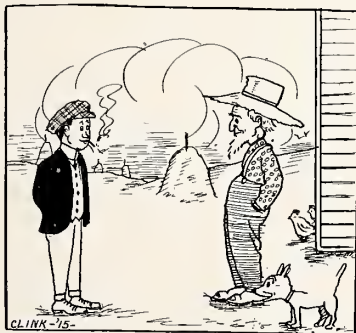
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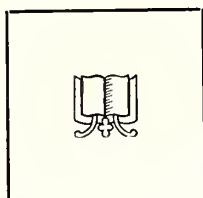
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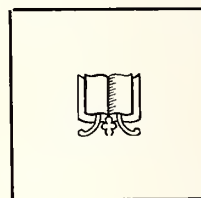


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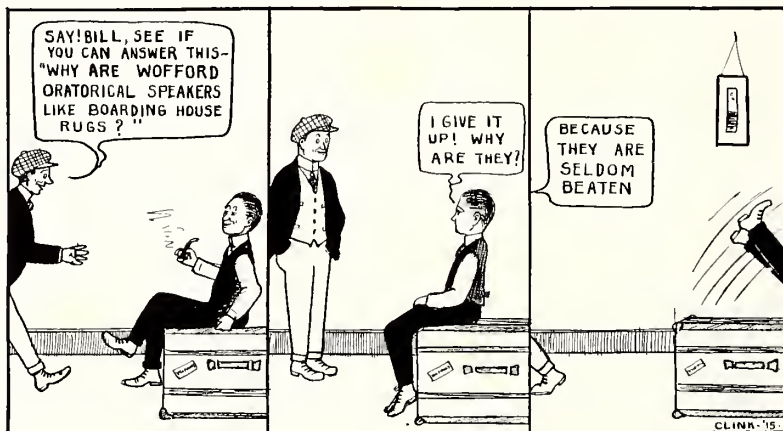
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